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THE OUT-QUARTERS OF ST. ANDREW'S PRIORY.

BY MRS. STANLEY CARY

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE FOREIGN SEMINARY.

As the Reverend Mr. Treverbyn, the parish minister, was returning home from a neighbouring town, he found himself following for a considerable time in the track of a horseman who was a stranger to him, and appeared to be travelling in the same direction as himself. Observing the rider to tarry a few minutes in conversation with a labouring man on the wayside, his curiosity prompted him to do the same, when he should reach the spot, and learn through him who the individual might be. He was soon informed that it was Mr. Baily, Sir Algernon's steward. Having somewhat of a lonely and lengthy path before him, the minister pushed on with the intention of spinning out his solitary ride by having some conversation with the steward.

"Good morrow, friend," said Mr. Treverbyn. "We appear to be journeying in the same direction, let us proceed in company together."

"Sir, I am much honoured," was the deferential reply of the supposed steward.

"You are in the employ of Sir Algernon Trevillers?"

"I am so."

"And much you have to do, no doubt," said the minister. "Lands long abandoned need a vigilant eye, and a praning hand, to lop off those abuses which time and absence are apt to generate."

"Less of that than might be expected," replied the steward. "The peasantry are well disposed in these parts, and hold the rights of the proprietor of the soil with every proper deference. I have little else to do but point out their respective duties to be cheerfully obeyed. Their rustic

simplicity often puts me in mind of the honest, straightforward tenour of the Flemish peasantry, so well-known for their frugality and industry."

"You have, then, visited Flanders?" said Mr. Treverbyn, with some surprise.

"I have passed many a year there."

"In what part of the country did you take up your abode?"

"In the old town of Douay."

"Douay!" said the minister, musingly—"Douay! What makes that name familiar to my ear? Ah! I recollect. A certain college exists there, where the sons of the proscribed Popish gentry of this country are sent to be educated."

"True," replied the steward; "such an establishment does exist in that town."

"Perhaps," resumed the minister, "as you have abided in the same place, you can give me some information respecting this much-talked-of seminary?"

"I have little to say concerning it," replied the steward, coldly; "it speaks for itself."

"But you cannot deny that its position is at least a peculiar one, if not open to considerable censure; for I understand it inculcates doctrines prohibited in the land which its inmates have abandoned."

"The principles taught therein are based upon the duties which man owes to his God, and his fellow man."

"I do not wish to contravene your assertion, friend, but you are, no doubt, aware that this college is looked upon with a jealous eye by the laws of this country, in consequence of the training up its sons in a faith which it has been deemed necessary to put down?"

"I am fully aware of this."

"And, if I have heard correctly," continued Mr. Treverbyn, "this seminary, in spite of the late statutes, continues to send over missionaries to keep alive this forbidden creed?"

"If I may judge from the late sad scenes at Tyburn," rejoined the steward, "there would appear to be some truth in your statement."

"Rumour also adds," rejoined the minister, unwilling to drop the subject, "that those indomitable men called the sons of Loyola, or Jesuits, are to be found amongst these rash zealots."

"It is possible they may," was the cold reply.

"During your sojourn abroad, it is not unlikely that you may have come in the way of some of these sons of Loyola, if so, you may agree with me that they are regarded with distrust by many. How can you account for this?"

"I should imagine it could proceed from no other cause than from a total ignorance of their sentiments, religious and otherwise."

"It is at least asserted," resumed Mr. Treverbyn, "that they wink at that dangerous precept—*The end justifies the means.*"

"It is easier to lay down assertions than to prove their truth. It happens to have been my lot to know more than one of this religious

society, and therefore I may safely say that this maxim is none of theirs. That they should use every laudable exertion and leave no stone unturned, when anxious to attain some *beneficial end*, is natural to them as it is to us all, but that they should consider this *beneficial end* justified bad and wicked means in reaching it, is a monstrous evil, and one which this society would reject with as much scorn, as they who taunt them with it."

"At all events, you cannot deny," resumed Mr. Treverbyn, "that these unflinching men greatly impeded, by their combined efforts, the exertions of our fearless Reformers in propagating their doctrines over the south of Europe?"

"No doubt they did so."

"Yes," said the minister, emphatically; "and to strengthen their proceedings, they are said to have not unfrequently stooped to acts of disloyalty, ah! of treason?"

"Here you are wrong," replied the pseudo steward, endeavouring to control his feelings. "I happen to know their principles too well not to aver most solemnly that they would sooner encounter every earthly privation than commit a treasonable act against their sovereign or their country."

"If that be the case, why have they, in concert with so many of their clerical brethren, refused to bow submission to the parliamentary ordinance, declaring the British Sovereign Head of the Church?"

"Sir," replied the steward, fixing his eyes upon his interrogator, "in matters of faith, the steady convictions of men are not controlled at pleasure; their mode of worship may be forbidden, annihilated, but their conscientious opinions will remain the same. As for the anomalous transfer of the Headship of the universal Church from the See of Rome, where it had rested so many centuries, to the brow of a prince,* whose nefarious life had made him a shame and a scandal to the Christian world, was a matter of so much distress and dismay to those of his subjects who retained the ancient creed, that it was natural they should shrink from giving their assent to it; but that this denial on their part, should be construed into an act of treason is preposterous and cruel; and thinking men would do well to pause before they carry out a law that deprives a man of his life for not doing that which his conscience forbids him to do."

Mr. Treverbyn made no reply. He felt it was an exposition of facts, that admitted of no palliation. A few seconds passed in silence, when the minister again returned to the subject of the Jesuits.

"Remember," said he, "I repeat general impressions, when I say that this society loves to domineer, and subject all they can to their dictation."

"Every man," replied the steward, "who is convinced he is acting rightly, naturally feels it a duty to wish others to follow the same course; but that these men in particular should seek to tyrannize over others is untrue; for, had this been the case, they would not have become members of a religious society which precluded ecclesiastical preferment. A Jesuit does not become a bishop or an archbishop."

* Henry VIII.

"Is that the fact?" said Treverbyn, with surprise.

"It is so."

"They are distinguished bookmen, I have heard."

"So it is said," was the reply; "but, surely, their scholarship is not considered criminal?"

"Only so far as they might avail themselves of it to induce the less informed to adopt their views."

"The same objection," said the steward, "might be brought against professors of every art and study; as most men are desirous of imparting the results of their intellectual labours to others."

"I never chanced to come across any of these learned men," rejoined the minister, "and I will not positively say that I should feel quite free from misgivings in their company, lest that extraordinary influence which I am told they possess over the mind, should overshadow me with some sort of irresistible submission to their opinions."

"That would be strange, indeed," replied the steward, unable to suppress a smile. "I should sooner imagine that you would feel the same quiet indifference when conversing with those misunderstood men as you do when speaking to me at this moment."

"Perhaps so," rejoined Mr. Treverbyn, a little abashed at the absurdity of his last observation. "But, trained as I have been in opposition to all those who obstinately shut their eyes against the reformed lights of the day, it is not unnatural that I should impute culpable motives to many who may be wholly undeserving of them."

"You speak charitably, sir."

"I say no more than it behoves me. My mission, as a Christian teacher, ought to be one of charity; and I, moreover, trust that neither ignorance or prejudice may so bias my judgment as to make me unheeding of that scriptural precept—'*Love your neighbour as yourself*.'"

The travellers had now reached the vicinity of the Priory, when they parted company; rather to the regret of the minister, for he had begun to like his companion; there was something in his countenance and address which struck him as unusual. He thought he detected a cultivated mind above what his appearance in life seemed to warrant; that he belonged to the same proscribed creed as his employer was evident from the tone of his replies, and the cautious manner in which they were given.

Mr. Treverbyn had frequently dwelt upon the severity with which the house of Trevillers had been visited for their attachment to the old religion. He had deeply regretted the circumstance, and was determined to discontinue such illiberality as far as lay in his power. He had, for some time, regarded the conduct of Sir Algernon with mixed feelings of admiration and regret; he admired his devoted adherence to what he considered his duty, whilst he lamented that this heroism should be thrown away in a cause of which he could not approve. He, nevertheless, felt an interest for the family—an interest, which from this day, extended to the hard-working steward.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SOCIAL HOUR.

"LET us remove to the Rocky Mount," said Sir Algernon Trevillers to the members of his family, assembled in the great room of the Priory Out-quarters. "We shall inhale more freely the balmy air of this serene evening."

The proposal was willingly responded to, and all were soon seated under the glowing canopy of a setting sun, sinking to rest in a bed of gold.

The site of the spot called the "Rocky Mount," was, from its elevated situation, one of great beauty. Steep and rugged hills formed a kind of amphitheatre around, whilst the sloping plains and meandering streams on the foreground, gave a richness to the scenery which delighted the eye to look on. To those now assembled these beauties called forth other feelings of interest, besides those of admiration at the landscape. The knowledge that in days gone by, good and holy men had visited this same platform, planted the very trees under whose shade they were seated, expressed the same wonder at the surrounding works of God's creation; and from the favourable position of the spot, had, no doubt, cast many a look of satisfaction on their beloved and stately Priory, stretching its southern front along the spreading gardens at their feet. Little did those poor men then foresee the desolate gap destined so soon to spoil their proud picture, and transform their splendid church and Priory into a mass of shapeless ruins!

These, and such like reflections naturally crossed the minds of those who now frequented this favourite haunt; and particularly did they strike Sir Algernon Trevillers, who had so often heard his father talk of the hospitalities and boundless charities that ever flowed from this venerated sanctuary. On the present occasion, however, an unusual expression of cheerfulness seemed to have superseded these ordinary ruminations of the past. Something had evidently occurred to fill the family party with pleasure. Even fines and penalties appeared for the moment forgotten; and a bright halo of satisfaction, which could not be mistaken, pervaded the little group. From whence proceeded this change? could it have originated in some unexpected pecuniary acquisition? some unlooked-for arrival? No. It arose from a communication made that morning by Sir Algernon to his family, that his presence was no longer required at Tregona, and that he had consequently made up his mind to take leave of his native country immediately and for ever.

A strange reason, it would seem, for exultation, but it was, nevertheless, one of no small importance to the circle at the Priory, who, finding it impossible to conform to the established religion of the day, rendered themselves amenable to the severe statutes, framed against recusancy.

The above resolution of Sir Algernon arose from the representations of Mr. Davis, his confidential and legal adviser. This worthy man had been staying at the Priory some little time, and by his assiduity and friendly

zeal, had so judiciously wound up his employer's affairs, as to enable him to return as soon as he pleased to the Continent, promising to conclude in his absence what little remained to be done. This assurance, coming from one in whom Sir Algernon placed the utmost confidence, and in whose integrity and honour he so implicitly relied, he felt himself bound, for the comfort and safety of his family, to profit by its cheering prospects, and disunite his house from all ties to a country so little congenial to his happiness.

It was this announcement that accounted for the cheerfulness that reigned over the family group. The fears hitherto entertained of their redoubted neighbour at Tragona, were now flung to the winds; everything unpalatable vanishing before the gladsome view of their speedy departure.

Amongst those to whom these pleasant prospects gave particular satisfaction was Urcella Trevillers. Happy to see her father in merry mood, she needed little else to make her the same. Seated at his feet, the beauteous maid contributed no small share of embellishment to the picturesque charms of the spot. Attired in the classical costume of a more southern clime, her dark glossy hair was bound in braids round her head, setting off its perfect contour to the greatest advantage, and giving expression to one of the most lovely countenances that the imagination could picture; whilst a tunic of violet velvet, fastened round the waist by a silken cord, marked the slender proportions of her graceful figure.

Surrounded by those most dear to her, and encouraged by the communication, revealed that day by her father, Urcella was determined to drive away all feelings but those of hilarity and joy. There were, however, one or two recollections of a sorrowful nature, which, notwithstanding her endeavours to banish them, occasionally intruded themselves, and gave for the moment, a return of that pensive look, which the late misfortunes of her family had so constantly implanted on her features. These were first, the probability of a lasting separation from her angelic little Alice Marsdale, whose affectionate and tender mind had found so fervent a response in her own. And secondly, the mortifying discovery that he, who had almost won her heart by his kind and bland assurances, had been playing a part of duplicity, so at variance with the high opinion she had formed of him. With these exceptions, Urcella felt happy, and spared no exertions to make others feel so likewise.

Immediately behind Urcella, on a stone seat hewn from the adjoining rock, sat Sir Algernon Trevillers. Accoutred in a doublet of dark chestnut, with a hat and feather of the same colour, his fine features bespoke that high and ancient lineage so unmistakable to the penetrating eye of the observer. At his right reposed his sister, Mistress Anne Trevillers, a gentle and much-beloved kinswoman, who had never left her brother's roof since the decease of his wife. To the left, on a low massive wall fencing in the spot from a steep declivity, reclined a fourth member of the family, one in whose benevolent countenance might be read the goodness of his heart. His observations were listened to with peculiar attention, carrying a degree of weight and interest which was almost remarkable. His dress was that

of a dependent; but there was a dignity of deportment and a refinement of manner which somewhat strangely contrasted with this humble garb, and betrayed the polished gentleman through its disguise. This fourth member of the family was the Jesuit brother of Sir Algernon, the Rev. Francis Trevillers, who, in his assumed character of the family steward, continued to prolong his dangerous stay at the Priory. Such, however, was the gratitude felt by the entire household for him who thus ran such risks in affording them the benefit of his ministry, that one and all would sooner have died than betrayed their devoted pastor.

In earnest conversation with the latter was the good Mr. Davis, the legal adviser.

"Take your lute," dear girl," said Sir Algernon to his daughter, "and give me that Neapolitan air I love so well."

Urcella obeyed with alacrity, and the sweet tones of her melodious voice were wafted in harmony on the breeze. The air concluded, a second request was put forward that she should give them the notes of the "Advent Litany," they used to hear so richly intoned on the organ of St. Marks, at Venice.

"I will do my best, but it will be on condition that all join in the responses," replied Urcella, giving an arch look at Mr. Davis, who professed the new doctrines of the day.

"Look not to me for assistance," said Mr. Davis, with a smile, "I must plead my inability to do more than give my best attention."

"That is not fair, good sir," said Urcella, playfully, "I am sure you are better acquainted with the old songs of the church than you would make me believe. I have frequently heard you extol the noble strains of 'Palestrina.'"

"Be that as it may," replied Mr. Davis, "all I can now say is, that if ever the wish to be skilled in sacred song possessed my mind, it is at this moment, fair lady, that I might convince you of my readiness to comply with your request; but as matters now stand, you must hold me excused."

"Only till the next occasion," said Urcella, with another arch smile.

"I have ever been most partial," observed Mistress Anne, "to the form of these ancient Litanies, there is something so soothing, yet supplicatory, in those repeated returns to the same earnest response, *Domine exaudi nos*."

"Most true," rejoined Sir Algernon, "it brings to mind what we too often forget—our need of succour from above."

"What can be more sublime than the simple chant of the Psalms?" said the Rev. Francis Trevillers, "their solemn note seems to sympathise with the troubled mind, and impress it with submission to the divine will."

"It will not be long, I trust," said Sir Algernon, "before we find ourselves once more aided by such devotional helps in our own churches abroad."

"Is any day fixed as yet for our departure?" exclaimed Urcella, her eyes beaming with delight.

"You are in great haste to leave," said her father, with a smile, "but your impatience shall soon be gratified. It is my intention to bid adieu to

this poor old place before ten days shall have passed by, and again to seek a home amongst those foreigners, of whose cordiality we have already had such ample proof."

"How rejoiced, dear father, I shall feel when the happy time for leaving shall arrive. Each day till then shall seem a week. We shall have nothing to disturb our peace in those countries; all will be sunshine and joy."

"May you turn out a good prophetess," said her reverend uncle. "You have at least, my best wishes, and still more, my prayers, that the blessings of Providence may attend you wheresoever your steps may wander."

"Let me add my honest amen," rejoined Mr. Davis, "for though I shall be left behind, the desertion will, I hope, contribute to render the more permanent this contemplated sojourn in a foreign land."

"I am confident that you will do your best to serve me," replied Sir Algernon, looking approvingly at the last speaker, "I shall fully rely on your zeal in releasing me from any further necessity of returning to this country."

After some further conversation on indifferent matters, Mistress Anne suggested the prudence of shunning the evening chills which were beginning to gather around them, and her advice being willingly attended to, the happy party returned within doors.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MYSTERIOUS SUMMONS.

We must now conduct the reader back to the residence of Mr. Marsdale, whom we left rejoicing in the recovery of his esteemed friend, Mr. Merris, from the perilous misadventure that had befallen him on the highway. His restoration had been hailed with pleasure by all those who had so long been acquainted with his friendly character; his recovery was complete, and the inmates of Tregona returned once more to those quiet habits which so well suited the indolent dispositions of the worthy proprietor of the soil.

In company with his darling Alice and the old preceptor, Mr. Marsdale might again be seen evening after evening strolling along the picturesque paths of his beautiful domain, sometimes enjoying the shades of the winding valley, and at others mounting slowly to the summit of the rocks, there to gaze upon the bright and expansive ocean before them. Never did he approach that eventful spot where the days of his beloved child were all but snapt asunder, without making allusion to the circumstance, and expressing his admiration at the courageous conduct of him who had preserved her.

"What can have become of that disinterested man?" said Mr. Marsdale, on one of these occasions, "he actually seems to have dropped from the heavens, and, like one of its celestial messengers, performed his good office and then disappeared."

"I am not surprised," replied Alice, "that he should have declined your

request to visit us at Tregona, for it was easy to discern his unwillingness to court approbation, which he must well have known would been amply showered upon him had he become your guest. And as for his declining your bountiful gratuity, he might not be in a state of life to need such remuneration."

"True," rejoined her father, "you are, no doubt, in the right, my sweet Alice; at all events, I shall ever pray that God may bless him, and make his days happy and prosperous."

"I join most heartily in your prayer," exclaimed the grateful girl, "and may some future day afford us the means of seeing our wishes realized."

"Well said," cried the old preceptor, "and most sincerely do I respond to the sentiment."

Thus did Mr. Marsdale not unfrequently refer to an event which, according to all human foresight, seemed to have entailed on him that portion of felicity calculated to cheer the remainder of his domestic life. His two sons were at this time both from home, each engaged in those pursuits best suited to their different dispositions. Gerald, endeavouring to enliven the tedious days of a sick collegé companion, and Humphrey conducting an intricate suit-at-law. The absence of the latter was, however, not of long duration, for feeling weary at so much close application, he resolved to throw aside his books and snatch a little repose at Tregona. The suggestion had no sooner crossed his mind than he set about its accomplishment, and in a few days found himself at home.

Mr. Marsdale, who always viewed the proceedings of his son Humphrey with a partial eye, looked upon this unexpected return as a mark of his filial affection, and accordingly greeted him with every expression of joy; the pleasure was, however, but of short duration, for he had scarcely received his father's welcome, or recovered from his wearisome journey, when a despatch, borne by a breatheless messenger, was put into Humphrey's hand. He seized the missive with avidity, and running his keen eyes over its contents, rose hastily from his seat, and with a glance of ill-concealed satisfaction, declared the necessity it enjoined of his immediate departure from Tregona.

"Not at least, ill to-morrow," said the chagrined father.

"This very moment," replied Humphrey, re-adjusting the travelling cloak, which he had but a few hours before laid aside; "some one awaits me at a little distance to confer upon a matter of great moment, and which admits of no delay," and before his father could obtain any further explanation of this sudden resolve, Humphrey had quitted the apartment, and the distant gallop of a horse's foot announced that he was already far away.

"What can have occurred?" said Alice, "to carry off my brother thus hurriedly; he no sooner makes his appearance but he is gone again. Cannot the messenger be retained and questioned as to where he came from, or by whom sent?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Marsdale, "let that be done immediately."

"Why trouble ourselves further on the matter?" said the preceptor, returning from an unsuccessful attempt to catch the messenger, "we all

know how fond Humphrey is of attaching importance to any circumstance which engages his attention, let it be of ever so trivial a nature."

"I don't quite like it, nevertheless," rejoined Mr. Marsdale, thoughtfully. "Why not come here and transact business in the usual way, and not summon my son elsewhere for the purpose; how do I know that quarrelsome men are not wishing to draw him into their private differences, and thereby bring him into trouble?"

"No fear of that," said Mr. Merriis, with a smile; "Humphrey is not the man to run his head into the broils of others; he has too much shrewdness for such inconvenient proceedings, rest assured of that?"

"Might it not," said Alice, "have some reference to his journey, a call on his purse for taking too much out of his weary horse?"

"Hush, child," replied her father, "such trifling casualties are as easily settled at home as abroad. Other cause of a graver description has called him away."

"To-morrow," resumed old Merriis, "will, no doubt, enlighten us on the subject, and I feel convinced that we shall find there was no occasion for entertaining the slightest uneasiness respecting Humphrey's welfare; indeed, I could almost be positive on the subject, judging from the suppressed smile that lighted up his countenance when his eyes ran over the billet put into his hand."

With these and such like consolatory assurances, given in the preceptor's usual tone of confidence, Mr. Marsdale was at length induced to lay aside his solicitude respecting the safety of his favourite son, and requesting his daughter to bring forward her neglected viola, and give him some of its soothing strains, the evening wore away without further reference to the subject.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOSTALGIA, OR HOME SICKNESS.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

THE subject of *Nostalgia, or Home Sickness* is one that has not been dwelt upon, as far as I am aware, at anything like full length. It is, in fact, one very little understood, and I am of opinion, that if the truth were known, the world in general does not believe in the existence of such a malady. It is looked upon as a beautiful but melancholy dream, invested with a poetical rather than an actual interest. I am myself well acquainted with it, for this excellent reason, that I laboured under it for years. It is true, that it does not attack the animal constitution in the shape of any positive disease. It lurks, however, in the heart, and preys upon the spirits until it saps slowly, and by degrees, the elements of health, and the individual pines away and dies without being conscious of the cause of death. I speak now

chiefly of females, who happen to be of a sensitive and a peculiarly affectionate temperament, possessing a strong recollection, and a keen sense of the beauties of local scenery. It is, in fact, a principle of many hues and feelings, and combines within its influence a strong, but melancholy power of imagination, as it affects the heart and the memories of early life. When I myself left home, I made a solemn resolution that I would never return to it without such a reputation as might go before me to my native place with honour. Well, I hope I kept my word; but for several years I laboured under the strange and depressing complaint of Home Sickness. It is true, that in the course of this period I was struggling in the world, fighting the battle of life, and during the hours of day it had no earthly effect upon me; but it was at night, and in my dreams, that it haunted me in a manner which it is difficult, indeed, to describe. Many a time has my wife felt it necessary to awaken me out of those deep and painful sobbings, which, arising from some extraordinary impression, sometimes agitate us during our sleep. The cause of those sobbings was this. About once a fortnight, sometimes the space of time was more, and sometime less, I had a dream, which was to the following effect: I thought I found myself on the top of Cullamore-hill, perhaps I should say mountain, which commanded a view of as beautiful a valley as the eye of man ever rested on; but that which principally attracted my attention was Springtown, the place in which I spent so large a portion of my early life. It was while contemplating this scene in my dreams that my wife was obliged to awaken me out of my sobbings, because she knew from my explanations what the cause of those violent exponents of grief was. Indeed, she always told me after she had awakened me, that she knew no other subject ever affected me in the same manner. For twelve years this extraordinary dream of early life clung to me, yet, what is strange, I did not feel it painful. It brought me back to those beloved scenes, over the memory of which my heart perpetually brooded, and I seldom went to bed without a hope that it might return.

What is most extraordinary, however, is that the dream never changed; it was always the same, without the slightest possible variation. I never stood any where but on the summit of Cullamore. I never descended into the valley—never mingled with the people, but stood on the glorious elevation I have spoken of, the solitary pilgrim of that midnight and imaginary journey. What is very strange, however, and this sketch of my own experience would not be complete without it, is, that in after years, when I returned to my native place, and walked over all the scenes of my boyhood, still, although my heart did not for a moment fall away from them, yet I have never had a dream arising from *Home Sickness* since.

The truth is, that on my return to my native place, I felt a most remarkable change come over me. The country was not the same which it was when I left it, and the change I allude to proceeded from two causes, one internal, and the other on the surface of the country. For instance, on my return, I seemed to feel as if the country was not the same. Rivers which, when a boy, I looked upon as of great magnitude, I now gazed

upon with a feeling of disappointment, as poor mountain-streams—mere rivulets, unworthy of the name of river at all. The farmers' houses, which I had once looked upon as spacious mansions, I now contemplated with contempt, and wondered how a numerous family could live in them. The trees underwent the same diminution in point of size, and little groves not more than an acre in extent, and which, for want of knowing better through a medium of comparison, I had looked upon as forests, were now reduced to their proper stature.

But this was not all. Whole villages were depopulated and in ruins. The country mills, too, were in a similar state, the burdock and nettle growing from their roofless and weather-beaten walls, and the mill races dry. Then, emigration had drained the parish of nearly one-fourth of its inhabitants, who had gone to seek better homes and better fortunes in America. There happened to be a fair in my native town whilst I was there; but what a melancholy skeleton it was when compared to the noisy and busy multitudes who crowded its streets when I was a youth. In fact, the whole country, to my eye, had become actually disenchanting, and that ideal beauty which haunted my memory and my dreams had vanished. All the poetry of my early life was gone, and I returned to my family a sorrowful man, cured for ever, as I said, of my Home Sickness.

I may add here, that during this visit I did not find two individuals of my name or race in my native parish, all the others having been swept away either by death or emigration.

Home Sickness, then, is occasionally a very strong and ungovernable feeling. It has been experienced by the sailor, in far and distant climes; by the soldier, amidst the noisy tumults of war, and by none more than by the Swiss and other mountaineers. We all remember the extraordinary anecdote of the Scotch regiment, to whom, on their entering the field of battle, the bandmaster ordered his men to play the melancholy and pathetic air of "Lochaber no more," and that the whole regiment, as if by one common impulse, instead of feeling that enthusiasm peculiar to the brave Scotch, all burst into tears. The colonel, on being made acquainted with the cause of it, galloped forward, exclaiming to the bandmaster:—

"You d——d scoundrel, do you want to turn my brave fellows into cowards? stop that drowsy stuff, and give us "The Campbells are Coming." This was sufficient, for most of them were Campbells; the ardour of battle seized them to a man, and nothing could surpass the brilliancy of their conduct in the field.

Now, this was Home Sickness whilst it lasted, but certain we are that no such instance of it ever took place either before or since. It resembled one of those mysterious contagions of insanity among multitudes, which are mentioned as having occurred in the middle ages, and which, if they be true, are utterly beyond the powers of reason to elucidate. I, myself, am not the subject of this article, although I have placed my own case as an introduction to it. In the meantime, I shall insert a few verses, written about thirty years ago, under the influence of this remarkable feeling. They

were written when I was just recovering from illness, and when my mind was depressed by struggles and afflictions into which I will not enter. I introduce this little preface in order that they may be the better understood. They were published before :

"Take, proud Ambition, take thy fill
Of pleasures, won through toil or crime ;
Go, Learning, climb thy rugged hill,
And give thy name to future time :
Philosophy, be keen to see
Whate'er is just, or false, or vain ;
Take each thy meed ; but oh ! give me
To range my mountain glens again !

Pure was the breeze that fanned my cheek,
As o'er Knockmany's brow I went ;
When every lonely dell could speak
In airy music, vision-sent.
False world, I hate thy cares and thee ;
I hate the treacherous haunts of men ;
Give back my early heart to me—
Give back to me my mountain glen !

How bright my youthful visions shone,
When spann'd by fancy's radiant form !
But now, her glitt'ring bow is gone,
And leaves me but the cloud and storm.
With wasted form, and cheek all pale—
With heart long sear'd by grief and pain ;
Dunroo, I'll seek thy native gale—
I'll tread thy mountain glens again !

Thy breeze, once more may fan my blood—
Thy valleys all are lovely still ;
And I may stand where oft I stood,
In lonely musings on thy hill.
But, ah ! the spell is gone ;—no art,
In crowded town or native plain,
Can teach a crushed and breaking heart,
To pipe the song of youth again !"

The reader may perceive that those verses were written under the influence of Home Sickness; and if there be no allusion to the domestic affections of my relatives, it is because I was aware at the time that there were none of them in my native place. On this subject my heart was a blank, and the pain which it would have occasioned me to refer to them was more than I could bear. I accordingly confined myself to the scenery which was so dear to me.

I now come to the real subject of this article—my darling daughter, Susan.

She was married some nine years ago to a young man closely connected with a highly respectable family in the north of Ireland.

Some months after her marriage she began to lose her health, and her medical advisers told her husband that, in order to her recovery, not only change of air but also change of climate was necessary. Her husband had at the time a strong inclination to settle in Canada, and the doctors recommended him, for the sake of his wife's health, to go there. The air, they said, was dry, bracing, and healthy, and as they apprehended decline, they thought it was the most judicious step he could take. At length they went, and on the day of her departure, she was not able to go down stairs without having a person to support each arm. It was the separation from our family—supposed to be an *eternal* one—which overcame her more than her illness. I was fairly overcome, and felt myself unable to see her to the ship, which was waiting a little below the Custom House. She was accompanied to Canada by one of her sisters, who remained with her during her stay there.

She was still delicate, but her affectionate husband paid every attention to her. He brought her and her sister to the Falls of Niagara, in the hope that the novelty of the scene might give strength to her mind, and amuse her, and, above all things, that she might forget *home*, which was never out of her mouth.

Soon after this I received a letter from her, to the following effect:—

“MY DARLING PAPA—You are aware ere this of our safe arrival in Canada. We reached Portland, Maine, in safety, and the voyage did not injure my health, but rather improved it; still, I think I never would have survived it only for the kindness of dear Sizzy,* who nursed and tended me as if I were a child. I think it is to her affection that I owe my life. My husband's affection and attentions to me could not be expressed. He brought us to see the Falls of Niagara, and to tell you the truth, I was sadly disappointed. On looking at them, I felt nothing but fear, and an apprehension that they would sweep away the whole country from under our feet. I know they are wonderful, but there are many other things in this world as wonderful, and more wonderful. I heard yourself say, that one of the most wonderful phenonoma you ever saw, was old Catty Cavanagh smoking a *dudeen* of only half an inch in length, and yet she never burned her lips, because, I suppose they had got quite cartilaginous by the process. If, however, you expect a description of the Falls from me, you will be disappointed. I leave that to Sizzy, who, you know, is a poetess, and will see those Falls through a poetical medium. As for myself, I think of a little horseshoe fall in the Dodder, where my husband first made love to me, and I would rather have that a thousand times than these big Falls of Niagara. Then, my darling papa, this country is so unnatural, it is nothing but a great swamp, without mountains, without elevations. Oh, when I think of the slopes of Howth, and the magnificent views which we had from the top of Killiney, when we lived in Dalkey, and of the *Green Lanes* in Clontarf, where we lived so long, I think I would give my life to be home again. In the woods here

* Sizzy—an affectionate abbreviation of “Sister.”

there is nothing but that abominable animal, the skunk or polecat, and the bear.

By the way, with reference to the bears, I have a most startling anecdote to mention. We were asked to spend an evening with, or rather to go to a party given by, one of the members of the Canadian Parliament : when about proceeding, we desired the servant to take care of the children. (It is necessary to state here, that my daughter's husband had been married before, and was the father of four children by his first wife.)

"In the meantime, there was a kind of groaning or growling heard in the yard, and the children were about to go down to see what it was, when the servant interposed, and most fortunately prevented them. The next morning a gentleman in the neighbourhood came to breakfast with us, who, on hearing the circumstance, said it was an enormous black bear, which had already carried off two or three children, and destroyed them. It was then proposed by my husband and the gentleman, that a party should be formed, in order to hunt and destroy him. The savage's den, or whatever, they call it, was in those fearful woods, not two miles off, as it turned out, from our house. My husband had his double gun, into each barrel of which he put two bullets. One of the gentlemen said he thought he knew where the bear was likely to be found, and the gentleman was right, for in a short time they came upon him, and started him. My husband, who, you know, is an excellent shot, nearly as good as yourself, my dear papa, sent two bullets into his head, one of which went right through his brain. He was dragged home to our house, where he was skinned, and of all the frightful objects I ever witnessed his unskinned carcass was the most so. A part of him was dressed, and they all liked it, but as for me, I never tasted it; in truth, I would as soon have eaten a piece of a rattle-snake.

"It was the ham of this bear my husband, on writing to you, promised to send you over as a present. The weather, however, was too hot, and whether from that cause, or our ignorance of properly preserving it, I know not, but, at all events, it would not keep, and we were accordingly obliged to bury it.

"Now, my dear papa, do you think I could live in such a country as this? But, even if it were the most beautiful climate and country in the world, I would not, and will not live from home. Do, then, darling papa, have compassion on your own Susan, of whom you were so fond, and bring me home. I never knew how dearly I loved my country till I left it. If you were all to come out here and join us, I might be happy, but even then, I should regret my dear and beloved old Ireland.

Rose and Edward have just arrived, but even Rose's presence does not mitigate the impressions which I feel. We do nothing but talk about home, and as she gives us anecdotes about mamma and you, and all of you, I feel my eyes blinded with tears. My darling papa, bring me home.

Your ever affectionate daughter,

SUSAN B.

At this time I had made my mind up to bring out my family, and

join my children in Canada. Under this impression, and with the purpose of emigration strong upon me, I unfortunately wrote the following lines addressed to them:

TÆDET ME VITÆ.

WRITTEN ON CHRISTMAS EVE, UPON THE OCCASION OF THE THIRD OF MY DAUGHTERS HAVING EMIGRATED WITH HER HUSBAND TO CANADA, TO JOIN HER TWO SISTERS ALREADY THERE.

Life's mysteries oppress me now—
They wring my heart, they cloud my brow;
My lonely spirit wails in vain—
And I am sunk in grief and pain.
Tædet me vitæ.

Beloved ones, now that you are gone—
The props my heart should lean upon—
I feel the desert life I lead
Approaching to the grave with speed.
Tædet me vitæ.

For I had hoped to have you near,
When I grew old, and sad, and sear—
To feel the whisperings of your breath
Pour sunshine on my bed of death.
Tædet me vitæ.

But now the broad Atlantic rolls
Between us—not between our souls—
For our affections, far more wide,
Can stretch beyond its giant tide.
Tædet me vitæ.

Yet, still the sad reflections press
On my bruised heart with dark distress—
A father's bitter sorrow fears
His grave will never have your tears.
Tædet me vitæ.

I ask my memory, but in vain,
To find a fault—to find a stain
(It is but sorrow's selfish art),
To stay those wrenchings of the heart.
Tædet me vitæ.

Yes, 'tis in vain, for when I look
O'er your young lives as in a book,
In their pure pages I can see
No record but your love for me.
Tædet me vitæ.

Your love for me?—for sister, brother,
But dearer still that Idol Mother,
Whose secret sorrow gives no sign,
Though tenderer, deeper still, than mine.
Tædet me vitæ.

I look upon your vacant chairs—
I ask for *my* old *native* airs—
Airs ever heard with tearful eye—
The music strings make no reply.

Tædet me vitæ.

The memories of the coming Day,
Entwined with you, now far away,
Will make, through all our future years,
To-morrow's feast, "a feast of Tears."

Tædet me vitæ.

But, no—my mind is changed—my heart
Was never made to live apart
From those it loves—my dear ones, I
Will lay my bones beneath *your* sky.

Tædet me vitæ.

Ungrateful country, I resign
The debt you owe to me and mine—
My sore neglect—your guilt and shame—
And fling you back *your* curse of *Fame*.

Tædet me vitæ.

Pain-stricken Banim, lying low,
In friendless agony of woe,
Has his sad statue duly carved—
Cold recompense to him you starved.*

Tædet me vitæ:

And Griffin, master of the heart,
In nature powerful as in art,
His holy path, in gladness trod,
From your ingratitude, to God.†

Tædet me vitæ.

For me, I scorn your love or hate—
I hold myself within my fate;
And, by a father's sacred vow,
My children are my country now.

Tædet me vitæ.

* Banim, for several years before his death, in consequence of a spine complaint, had altogether lost the use of his lower limbs. He had, it is true, a poor pension from the British Government—and it was well for him that he had it. It is true his affectionate brother, Michael Banim—a man, it is said, equally gifted—would not have seen him and his starve. But, suppose he had not had that miserable pension, nor that affectionate brother—we dare not put the question—for we know what the melancholy reply must be. His works are thoroughly Irish—all written in behalf of his country, and full of the greatest originality and power.

† Gerald Griffin stands on the same pedestal with Banim. If weighed in opposite scales, a feather would turn the balance. Griffin's "Collegians" is, in the opinion of the writer of the above lines, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, Irish novel that ever was written. Yet, our judgment staggers when we think of "Crohoore of the Bill-hook." Griffin's poems are exquisitely beautiful, and flow with such tenderness as we can scarcely find in any other Irish poetry. He took refuge, from a country that was unworthy of him, in a monastery in Cork, where he died prematurely of fever.

I'll track them o'er the Atlantic wave;
 Their tears *shall* consecrate my grave—
 My heart will feel a brighter day,
 And I again will never say,

Tædet me vitæ.

W. C.

On the receipt of this poem, which held out a promise of our whole family joining them, their delight was exuberant, and arose to ecstasy, with one exception, and that was Susan. To this day I know not how it happened that, while writing the above lines, I cursed my country, as the reader may perceive, without knowing why; but I think it proceeded from a consciousness of my embarrassed circumstances, and my inability, in a pecuniary point of view, to make so long and expensive a journey. In the meantime, the Home Sickness was at work with my daughter Susan, for, whilst her sisters wrote me the most alluring letters, painting the wilds and morasses of Canada as a perfect paradise, *she* urged me to bring them home, for such, indeed, was the burden of all her letters. The strange malady clung to her, and neither by affection for her husband, nor the comforts of their situation, could she shake this mysterious feeling off her. I afterwards bitterly regretted having written the above verses. They expected us, and their hearts rejoiced; but on hearing my change of purpose, the reaction of feeling filled them with the deepest sorrow, and dashed all their hopes and expectations of our joining them.

When I had expressed my intention of going to Canada, my friends arose against it, but above all, my medical friends. They told me I was too far advanced in years to bear the terrible extremities of heat and cold for which Canada is so remarkable. My wife, however, was the most persuasive logician of them all.

"Have you no fortitude?" said she, "have you no firmness of character? If you go to Canada, you won't live twelve months. The accursed climate would kill you, and that in a very short time. Then, remember that you have other children, who have nobody to look to but you. If you were taken away from them, why, you know you'd leave them utterly destitute. Our children in Canada are very well off, and want for nothing; but it would not be so with your other children, if you died and left them orphans, in a strange land, without a friend or a protector."

"Jane," I replied, "you have prevailed; I shall *not* go, but it will be necessary to write to them on the subject, stating that my medical friends would not hear of it. You know yourself what to say, and how to reason with our darling, so write at your own discretion." Accordingly, Mrs. Carleton wrote as follows:—

"MY OWN DARLING SUSAN,—I put a very solemn question to you, on which I beg you will reflect deeply. You are now a woman (God help my poor wife, our dear daughter was not then twenty), and you ought to assume the character of one. You have entered into new duties—duties which you cannot, and must not abandon or neglect. Papa had made his mind

up to bring us abroad to join you, but his friends here came about him. 'Did he want,' they said, 'to cut short his life, by removing to Canada at such an advanced age?' Now, I ask you whether you had rather that papa were alive in Ireland, where, I hope he will live many years, than dead in Canada, probably before twelve months? Besides, there is another thing which you, as an Irishwoman, ought to consider. Your father for the last thirty years has so completely identified himself with the Irish people, with Ireland, and with Irish literature, that it would be a grievous thing to think of *him* laying his bones in a foreign land. Even I am Irishwoman enough not to think of suffering him to go.

"He has, however, given up the project altogether, and I lay it as an injunction on you to write to him and dissuade him against going out; because, after all, he seems in a state of hesitation, and I fear he may change his mind on the subject, and propose to go still. No country should receive the bones of your papa but his native Ireland, and I feel, besides, that if he found himself far removed from it, he would break down and die. No one knows how he loves Ireland and her people better than I do. You yourself ought to know it as well. When he wrote these lines he was in a state of such distraction as none of the family ever saw him in before. We heard his groans and his sobbings, and felt that something was wrong. He had just finished them, and was in a state of the most violent grief, abusing Ireland, abusing everybody, abusing everything. We gathered about him, and did all that was in our power to compose him."

At this time, a melancholy event occurred, which nearly closed her young, artless, and innocent life. She lost her first child. In the village where they lived, there was no such thing as an undertaker. A coffin was made by a neighbouring carpenter, and when she saw the man approach the house with the little emblem of death under his arm, the young mother went into the room where the dead body of her baby lay, after which she locked and bolted the door, and lying down on the bed, she took the inanimate child in her arms, and lay there, with her mouth pressed against its pale and lifeless little cheek. The hour appointed, however, for its interment had come, and her husband went to the door, not apprehending that there would have been any obstruction to his entrance. His surprise was great then, or rather it was not great, for it was just what he expected, when he was told from within, that she would not admit him. He reasoned with her, but to no purpose. She said she would not part with the child. God help the young and interesting mother; she was at that time only a little beyond nineteen!

Her sister, who lived with them, was then called upon, but her remonstrances were equally vain. At length her husband was obliged to get a ladder, and enter by one of the front windows. Death was new to her, and very terrible, especially that of her first born. I mention this circumstance as a proof of the extraordinary affection of her disposition. A violent struggle took place, and she fought like a young tigress, in order to retain

* The above is only an extract.

the infant. Her husband unlocked the door and unbolted it, and then called in her sister to his assistance. Her sister's tears had more effect upon her than any thing else. She at length yielded, partly from exhaustion, and partly owing to the influence which her sister's sorrow had upon her.

For two months after this she was confined to bed, and lay for the greater portion of that time in a hopeless state. She had frequent accessions of delirium, during which she would attempt to sing "Home, sweet home."

At length she improved a little, but her sister could observe that she was perpetually searching her husband's drawers, and his pockets, during his sleep. Her sister questioned her on the subject, and on finding that her motions were discovered, she threw herself upon her confidence, and said :—

"Don't betray me, dear Sizzy, I want to get money to go home."

Of course her sister, like a girl of excellent sense, as she was and is, felt it her duty to mention these circumstances privately to her husband, requesting him to put his money completely out of her reach. In the mean time she began to sink day after day. She became feeble and low-spirited, with little or no appetite. Her sister became alarmed, and wrote to us the following letter.

"MY DARLING MAMMA AND PAPA,—We cannot at all understand what the matter is with dear Susan, she is sinking and sinking every day. We did not write you any thing about her illness, because we knew how unhappy it would have made you all. She says to me frequently.

My dear Sizzy, do you think will I ever be able to get home.

"Remonstrance is perfectly useless, her reply is always tears. I don't know what to say, or how to act. 'Home, home,' is the burthen of her language, and of her thoughts. She has been asked to go out to parties, but she constantly refuses to go. In this she is right, for, indeed, she is not able

"At length we prevailed upon her to go to a party given by a member of the House of Assembly, or Canadian Parliament, where we had often been before. Here her illness had been known, and she was caressed and cherished by every member of the family. She was very pale, but still very beautiful. At length, in the course of the evening, as the family knew the brilliancy of her performance on the piano, they requested her to play. She hesitated for a moment, but the lady of the house approached her, and requested her, for her sake, to oblige the company. She then went to the piano, and gave them such brilliant specimens of Italian and German music as, I suppose, they had never heard in their lives. She then stood up from the piano, but again sat down.

"'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'I have other music to play. You know, I am an Irishwoman, and it would be very strange if I did not give you some of the beautiful music of my own dear country.'"

"She accordingly commenced with one of the most exquisitely pathetic airs in all Irish music, '*Caterine Treuil*,' which some person of vile taste has vulgarized into the nickname of 'Kitty Tyrrell'; she played '*Caterine Treuil*' with such simplicity, but at the same time with such heart-rending

pathos, that many Irish ladies who were present, could not restrain their tears. After that she played another almost equal to it, 'Lough Sheelin,' then followed the 'Coolin,' the 'Red-haired Man's Wife,' the 'Blackbird,' the 'Trougha,' and others. In the midst of the performance she turned round, and addressing the company, said—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am not playing these Irish airs for you—I am playing them for my dear papa. They were *his* airs, for he loved no music but Irish music. They remind me of *home*." Her sister and husband both started, and lost no time in bringing her to her own house.

It was a melancholy thing that she should have played those Irish airs. It was throwing oil upon the flames. These were the airs she was in the habit of playing to me every evening when she was with us. I used to call from the top of the stairs, "Susan, I want my music."

"Yes, papa, yes," and then I could hear her light, elastic bound, as she ascended them.

Still, we were unwilling to take her from her husband, to whom she was tenderly and devotedly attached. But the wonder to us was why, with such tenderness and devotion to a husband, who literally doated on her, her cry should still be "home, home! I must go home." Here were two classes of feeling at work, her affection for her husband, and her unaccountable anxiety to get home. The under-current, however, prevailed, and in a letter written to us by her sister, from which we take a single line, it says:

"Unless Susan is brought home, she will not and cannot live."

On reading the whole letter, which was written to myself, I called her mother, and addressed her to the following effect:

"My dear Jane, I have been very stupid all along, not to have thought of what is wrong with our darling Susan. Her complaint is 'Home Sickness,' and unless we fetch her home she will not recover, and, from what I can gather from Sizzy's letter, will probably not survive three months. I have read something of 'Home Sickness,' as it exists both in man and woman, and there is not a symptom mentioned in her sister's letters but confirms me in the opinion I have formed. We must bring her and her sister home on a visit during the summer months, and then they can return to Canada. I am sure the visit would banish that strange and melancholy malady."

"In God's name, then," replied her mother, "what is to be done? Do you think we could allow her to die in Canada? No; if she dies at all, she must die among ourselves, but, for God's sake, let her make the visit."

"Yes, but we could not think of bringing her home without her sister."

"Assuredly not; they must both come home together."

I accordingly gave her the sum of thirty pounds, which she transmitted to her in the shape of a bank order, stating to her that, as it was then the depth of winter, we did not wish her to come till the May following. This consoled her, and she regained her strength. At all events, May arrived, and she embarked with her sister in the "Lady Eglinton," Captain Bishop.

This fine old gentleman, who had made her husband's acquaintance in Canada, treated her and her sister with the most parental kindness. There was not a delicacy which the ship afforded but was at their disposal. Be this as it may, I received a letter from them, informing us that they would arrive by the above vessel, then one of the steamers on the Galway line; but although they reached Galway late, they were obliged to stop there for four hours. They started, however, by the night train, and we knew they would reach home very early in the morning. I slept that night, if sleep it could be called, with nothing of my dress left aside but my coat. A little before six o'clock a thundering knock came to the door, which I instantly opened, and the cabman said to me:

"Two ladies, sir."

In an instant there was a race from the cab-door to papa, who was the only person then up. The elder of the two, who had the advantage in point of speed, threw her arms about my neck, and was about to kiss me, but I said:

"No, darling Sizzy, Susan first. *She is now at home.*"

I will not here detail the scene which occurred. The hall was crowded with their brothers and sisters, and there was nothing but embracing, and kissing, and weeping; when I heard my name called in tones of great alarm.

"Oh, for God's sake, papa, come down to mamma, I fear she is dying!"

I ran instantly to her bed-room, and knew at the time that, although my daughters had arrived, she had not yet seen them. When I reached the bed-side, I found her in a state of such maniac laughter as I had never witnessed. I was frightened, and knew not what to do, but one of my daughters said:

"Papa, bring down Susan."

I brought Susan down. In point of time the whole scene lasted only about ten minutes. When Susan saw her mother in such a state, she was very nearly falling into the same state herself.

In the course of a short time, however, every thing was joy and delight, and outbursts of affection produced by the occasion. In about an hour and a half, I witnessed a most singular phenomenon. When the young creature who, while in Canada, laboured so severely under what is called *Nostalgia*, or *Home Sickness*, she was wasting away day after day, and month after month. And even when she returned home to us, she was so wasted and pale that I became alarmed.

"I fear," said I, "that it is too late. I fear she has death in her face." The phenomenon I allude to was this: in about two hours after breakfast, which, in consequence of their long journey, was an early one—I say in about two hours after their return, and when they had washed and dressed themselves, dear Susan was at the piano, but with a countenance so different from what it was at her arrival, that we could scarcely believe our own eyes.

In the meantime, the dear child set privately to work. She was placed in a most distressing dilemma. She wrote to her husband, stating that she could not live from him, and that, on the other hand, she could not leave

home. At this time I did not know that she had written to him on this subject and to that effect. He had then a respectable and lucrative appointment in Canada, and, under the singular and peculiar circumstances of this extraordinary case, she induced him to resign it and come to her. Under any other circumstances the conduct of the innocent and most affectionate young creature would have been stark madness.

Be this as it may, in the course of a couple of months her husband, early one morning, came into my bed-room before I was up. The whole thing at once flashed upon me, and, although many a father would have been angry with her, I for one could feel no resentment against a child who never gave one of us a sore heart, and whose only fault was, I knew, to be an extraordinary excess of tenderness and affection. Her husband and she are now comfortably situated in the county of Kildare, not more than an hour and a quarter's time from us. She comes to spend a week, a fortnight, and sometimes a month, and brings her two beautiful children along with her, because she knows that grandpapa is so fond of them. At all events, *Nostalgia*, or *Home Sickness*, is gone. She is now at home, and happy. May God bless her and keep her so!

OUR NATIONAL TREASURE-HOUSE,

BY W. F. WAKEMAN.

Most of our readers have heard of the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, but few possess anything beyond a vague notion of its contents. With many of us the idea of a Museum is founded upon recollections of the suite of rooms in the Royal Dublin Society House, where might be seen, some years ago, a heterogeneous gathering of all sorts of curiosities, from stuffed crocodiles, and ghastly, grinning New Zealanders' heads, to models of the dwelling-houses of the Laplanders, or the bows and arrows of the South Sea Islanders. There were extraordinary reptiles bottled up in spirits, odd fishes, all spikey; varnished and apoplectic-looking Egyptian mummy-cases, mailed armour from the East, double-bodied (we had almost written double-barrelled) calves, with an irregular complement of limbs or heads, white black-birds, besides a whole army of beetles, cockroaches, grasshoppers, and butterflies, duly framed and glazed. We remember also a Chinese junk, all mother-of-pearl and ivory, and minutely-executed models of whaling-boats, and other craft,—the possession of which we sinfully coveted; for, oh! what happiness would it have afforded us to try their sailing powers upon the Canal or Dodder! The Royal Dublin Society's Museum was not, after all, much behind others of the period, either here or in Great Britain. A somewhat similar gathering might have been inspected in Trinity College, where, as we recollect, a mummy's hand, devoutly believed to have belonged to Cleo-

patra, used to excite the wonder, and even awe, of us then juveniles. There were also the shoes of an Irish giant, each as big as a bread-basket, and a harp, supposed to have been once in the possession of Brian Boroinne, but which, we now know, from the style of its ornamentation, cannot be older than the sixteenth century. Both these Museums contained a sprinkling of Irish antiquities, but there was no arrangement; and objects of archaeological interest were jumbled together with fossils and indescribable knick-nackery. Antiquarian science was as yet in its infancy, and each *soi-disant* savant seemed bent only on mystifying his readers. Our ecclesiastical towers were described as celestial indexes, Buddhist temples, anchorite retreats, hero monuments, and so forth; our pagan tombs as Druids' altars; and there were keen-visaged antiquaries who could discover the channels cut in the covering-stone through which the blood of the victim was carried away! A simple bronze reaping-hook could not be described as anything but the very knife used by the Druids in cutting the sacred misletoe! Even so late as the time of Sir W. Betham we have a fragment of bronze armour described as an instrument used in making celestial observations. The celebrated inscription, "E. Conid, 1731," had not yet been deciphered. For the information of such of our readers as may not have heard the story of Mr. Conid's performance, we may say that, on the brow of a mountain in Kilkenny, there exists a huge stone, probably a monument of pre-historic times, and that it bears upon its side certain inscribed lines, which had long attracted the attention of antiquaries. About the exact reading there was some little controversy, but the inscription at length found its way into Dr. Wood's "Inquiry Concerning the Primitive Inhabitants of Ireland," and even into Gough's edition of Camden's "Britannia," where it is engraved. The interpretation was *BEL DIVOSE*, and little doubt was entertained that here, at least, we had written evidence of the worship of *Bel*, or the sun, in Ireland at some remote period, when Erin traded with Phœnicia. The inscription possessed a decidedly archaic character. Nobody doubted the antiquity of the letters or the genuineness of the dedication till a curious antiquary, who had mounted the stone, read from above, "E. Conid, 1731." Of course, this astounding discovery startled many of the learned, and inquiries were at once instituted, from which the fact was gathered that E. Conid, instead of being a god, had been simply a cutter of millstones! The letters and date had been carved from above; and, to the viewer from below, the inscription was simply reversed. Dickens' fiction of "Bill Stumps, his mark," (if it be a fiction,) is scarcely equal to this. But we are wandering from our subject, which is a glance at some of the contents of our truly national Museum of Celtic Antiquities, deposited in the Academy-house in Dawson-street, and which are courteously shown by the assistant-librarian, or some other officer of the house, to all enquirers who may present their card. To say that Ireland, of all countries in the known world, is richest in antique ornaments of gold, is to state a fact which even the stoutest sceptic upon the subject of the old civilization of Erin cannot gainsay. But in the Academy collection are preserved not a few relics of the past, so

precious that any attempt to place a mere money value upon them would meet the contempt or ridicule of any man, or woman either, possessed of a mind superior to that imagined by the poet, as capable of "botanising upon a mother's grave." But of some of these treasures anon. We would at present give a sketch of the manner in which our national treasury was brought together—how it originated—and how it has gradually assumed the proud position of the grandest gathering of Celtic antiquities in the world. Many of the objects are presentations—have been given to science by individuals who possessed no collection, and who felt, wisely enough, that a single article, or even a small number of antiquities, often of no intrinsic value, would probably soon become lost to the world, if not deposited in a permanent public collection. The number of such presents to the Academy is very considerable, and each gift has been duly commemorated or recorded. We think, however, that if public spirit could be sufficiently stirred, many hundreds of articles, now in ones or twos, in the possession of private persons, unconnected with any antiquarian or literary association, might find their resting place in our national Museum. The finest and largest sepulchral urn ever discovered in Ireland was some years ago knocked to pieces by the wanton jump of a kitten. An over-tidy servant deposited in the dust hole, as rubbish, a "find" of the most beautifully made arrow-heads and celts of stone ever collected in this country. Of course, the dust-hole was searched, but as a recent clearance had occurred, nothing was found, at least nothing that was sought for. The first great accession to the Academy Museum was effected in the purchase of the collection of Irish antiquities made by the late Dean Dawson. Great events have often been initiated by humble men. Probably, had not poor James Underwood possessed the mania for ruining himself by searching for antiquarian waifs, the Dean's collection, which undoubtedly formed the nucleus of the Academy's treasures had scarcely existed. No doubt there were other persons, even in Dublin, at the time, anxious to purchase ancient bronzes, such as celts, spear-heads, and bog treasures in general. Petrie's collection had long been commenced, and every day was adding to it, but the Dean possessed the longer purse, and Underwood knew his market well; still, however, the bigger purse had not altogether a despotic sway, for while the Dean, without much judgment, bought almost everything offered, Petrie, with pecuniary means infinitely inferior, added to his collection, many objects of the highest antiquarian interest. And how were these things procured, and what had been the antecedents of Underwood, who really and truly gathered and sold to the Dean, or to the Academy, the great bulk of the present collection, or, at least procured and sold to the Society or the Dean, much more than a liberal moiety of this wonderful collection? Underwood, as we have reason to know, was the son of respectable parents—at any rate, his father held for many years a responsible position in his then Majesty's Customs in Dublin. He was brought up to the trade of a working-jeweller, and, as we are informed, seemed likely to prosper. An old spear-head in bronze, exhibited in the window of a rag-shop in Fishamble-street, was his first temptation. It was bought

for a few coppers, and some collectors of the time—I believe Major Sirr amongst others—wished to repurchase it from our now incipient antiquarian jackal. The courtship which our weak-minded friend had from gentlemen of scientific knowledge and station, who wished to see the clutch of antiquities of which this spear-head was the nest-egg, soon half overturned Underwood's mind. At Sandymount, where he had a residence, he was regularly besieged by persons interested in his even then remarkable cabinet. And how did he get these relics together? We can answer from many conversations which we have had with poor Underwood himself—when his legitimate business was a thing of the past, and the poor-house was staring him in the face. They were picked up amongst the greasy bone-yard men in various parts of Dublin, and other large cities or towns in Ireland. Early and late, from January to December, year after year, this enthusiast visited every den within his reach where the rag-pickers "most did congregate;" where the smells from decaying bones, and raw and still untanned hides of oxen and horses were exhaling odours, which only a knacker's dog could bear without a sickening. In these places old brass was purchased. Amongst the dealers there are two kinds of old brass known, "country" and "town." As it is, the former is chiefly collected by nomadic pedlers, who visit amongst the country people from cabin to cabin, and give pins, needles, tapes, thread, thimbles, and other matters of about the same importance, for money, if it can be had, or for old clothes, metal, or, in fact, anything marketable. These wandering merchants usually sold their gatherings to dealers in Dublin, or some other large city. The rags went to one place, iron fragments to another, and the brass generally to the foundry, or to dealers in old metal. A consignment of old brass from the country would usually contain some objects of antiquarian interest, which had been dug from a bog or cutting, and sold as old metal to the pedlers. From the brass boxes of Dublin and other places, in fact, Underwood selected many hundreds of the most valuable of the bronzes now in the Academy. The number of his acquisitions was really prodigious. We have seen in his possession a collection of as many as two or three dozen antique specimens, the result of one day's exploration in the old metal yards. The Deau paid very liberally, and the course of his collection only ended with his life. In the great number of articles purchased by him we might expect to find a few forgeries; and we well remember Underwood's scared visage, as one morning he returned from a visit to the deanery-house. It appeared that the patron had recently purchased from a northern pedler a number of very rare-looking bronzes which he was exhibiting to the admiring gaze of some friends, when Underwood entered. We believe that the Dean was glad to have an opportunity of showing Underwood that he was not entirely dependent upon that individual's contributions for the enlargement of his museum. The professional collector joined in the examination. "Are they not very magnificent specimens?" asked the Dean. "Decidedly," replied Underwood, "but—Ah, your reverence, upon a closer inspection, I must pronounce the whole of them forgeries!" The Dean scarcely ever got over the mortification of this

unfortunate discovery, and was not long in soundly rating the poor jackal for having exposed his judgment before strangers. We believe that, for a considerable time after, Underwood was forbidden the house, but, at any rate, the "*Antiquities*" were not again shown. The Dean's collection, some years ago, formed the great bulk of the Academy treasures, but, as time advanced, many hundred specimens were added by presentation, or by purchase.

The exquisitely wrought "Cross of Cong," universally considered as the gem of the Academy's museum, was generously purchased and presented by the late Professor McCullough. It remains one of the finest, if not the very finest, work of early Christian art to be found in Western Europe. The inscription which it bears round its sides proves it to have been made in the wilds of Connaught, by native artists, at a period when, as yet, no Norman knight or man-at-arms had set hostile foot upon the shores of Ireland. In beauty of design and perfection of workmanship, in the skill evidenced by its makers in more of the arts than one, there is nothing of its class or period, (the early part of the twelfth century) in this or any country, to be compared to it. And yet, the Academy contains a treasure which to the thoughtful who may know its story, must excite even a greater degree of interest. We allude to a book and its cover, a reliquary known as the "*Domhnach Airgid*," or Silver Shrine. The cover or shrine consists of three boxes, of various dates, the outer one being composed of silver, gilt, an inner one of copper or bronze, plated with silver, while the third and innermost box is formed of yew. The book "is a vellum manuscript of the Gospels, which, from extreme age, has become closely consolidated into four compact masses of a dark brown colour, from one of which two leaves have been detached, on which are written in Latin, in the Irish character, the commencement of the Gospel of St. Matthew." Dr. J. H. Todd considers that the contractions found in this manuscript may have been in use in the fourth or fifth century; Dr. Petrie regards it, perhaps, as the oldest copy of the Sacred Word in existence; while the late Eugene O'Curry tells us that "we have just reason to believe it to have been the companion of St. Patrick in his hours of devotion," and adds "that no reasonable doubt can exist that the *Domhnach Airgid* was actually sanctified by the hand of the Apostle of Ireland." Here, then, we possess a work so venerable, that, according to the highest authorities in antiquarian matters, its date may possibly be coeval with the Roman occupation of Britain—certainly it cannot be much later. Perhaps, in the order of chronology, we should notice next a shrine, known for many ages as the "*Cathach*," or Battle Book, of the O'Donnells, a box or case containing a fragment of a copy of the Psalms, written in the Irish character, in the fifth or sixth century, and reasonably supposed to be the very autograph of St. Colum Cille, the Apostle of Scotland. St. Colum, or Columba was of the race of "Conall Gulban," from whom the Northern O'Donnells descend, and for many ages the "*Cathach*" was a precious heirloom in that illustrious family, the chiefs of which usually had it carried before them in battle; whence its name. Of the less known "shrines" deposited in the Academy, it is not necessary in

a sketch like this to speak; but several others are to be seen, and one and all in the various and curious styles of ancient Irish design, exhibited in the ornamentation of their covers, are well worthy of attention on the part of those who would trace the history of antique Irish art-manufacture. With the exception of the fact that the croziers and bishops' crooks preserved in our national treasury, do not enclose manuscripts, they are not less interesting as evidences of the extraordinary proficiency as workers in metal which the Irish had attained, at a time when the greater portion of Europe had almost sunk into original barbarism. Here is exhibited, amongst many others, the episcopal staff, or crook, of St. Colum Cille. It is much to be regretted that this even still exquisite relic has been stripped of a considerable quantity of its ancient ornamentation. The cases containing ecclesiastical antiquities exhibit a considerable number of the crooks of the Bishops of the early Irish Church. It is a pity that, in the great majority of instances, the original ownership cannot be decided. But they are all exquisitely designed and decorated, often very profusely, with a peculiarly elegant style of snake pattern, which appears to have originated in this country. What a field of speculation is thus opened! Whence did the Irish derive this power? Where did they procure the bronze, silver, and gold—whence the glass and enamel—what were their processes of working—and in what kind of abode was the miraculous work designed, and brought to perfection? As yet we know very little upon these subjects, and, perhaps, the only completely established fact bearing upon the matter or question is simply, that similar work is not found out of Ireland, except in a few districts where Irish influence extended; in short, that these objects which now excite the admiration of the antiquarian world are most exclusively the results of the genius and skill of natives of this country. Perhaps, after the shrines and croziers, the bells of the old Irish churchmen, preserved in the Academy, claim the most attention. They are often of the greatest interest, many having been handed down from generation to generation, in one family, from the time of the original owner. The Bell of St. Patrick, now in the possession of Dr. J. H. Todd, with its exquisitely wrought and jewelled case, is no doubt, the finest historical monument of its class extant. The family of Kane, of Kilrush, possess the bell of Saint Senan, almost as gloriously enshrined; and other examples are known. Few, if any, of the bells in the Academy have retained their history; but there may be seen many fine specimens of the quadrangular kind, as well as of *tintinnabula*, sometimes square, and sometimes circular, and usually styled "Altar-bells." Many of these came with the Dean's antiquities, one or two specimens exhibit *niello* work of a very curious kind, and one bears a cross and inscription in the character of the ninth century. How few of our readers could expect to find in a nineteenth century house, in Dawson-street, collected together so many relics of men, whose lives have added the most glorious page to the history of Ireland! But we have not done, even with the ecclesiastical portion of our necessarily very imperfect sketch. Seals in silver or bronze of kings, chieftains, abbots, or of religious communities,

from the twelfth century down to the sixteenth, are here preserved. But for the exertions of the late Major Sirr, who had a passion for collecting ancient seals, our national museum would possess many interesting specimens now irretrievably lost. They were exchanged with many other Irish antiquities to an Italian picture-dealer, living in Edinburgh, who gave a few so-called "Ancient Masters," of more than doubtful merit, as their price. On either side, the speculation proved unfortunate. The paintings could not be appreciated in Dublin, just as no paying admirers for the antiquities could be found in the Scottish capital, so the bronzes were disposed of at a merely nominal price, and the seals found their way to purchasers of old silver. A very near relative of the writer of this article happening to be in Edinburgh at the time, saw the seals exposed for sale in the shop windows. They were, even in the capital of the author of "Waverley," supposed to be butter stamps; and, though our relative, upon his return to Dublin, informed one of the chief collectors here of what he had seen abroad, the full truth of the story, not being at the time believed, so many months were lost before any attempt was made to secure the articles, that by the time enquiry could be fairly set on foot, all, or nearly all, the old seals had gone to the crucible! Some of the Irish spear-heads sold by Sirr are, as we have been informed, finer than our best specimens at home, and, up to a late period, they were shown as "*Celtic*" relics, a term which might equally be applied to Gaulish, British, Welsh, or Irish antiquities. In our previous remarks we have paid no attention to the order, chronologically at least, in which some of the classes of antiquities should probably be mentioned. We write not for the deeply learned, and would first touch upon the class of objects which might naturally be supposed to excite the liveliest interest of a visitor. Of the three great races, which came like successive waves of population to give men and women to Erin, we know at present little more than the names. In the bogs, beds of rivers, and newly-ploughed lands of this old country, many thousand works of human hands, of stone, bone, gold, silver, bronze, amber, earthenware, glass, and even of wood, have, from time to time, been discovered, and the Academy contains some thousands of specimens. Within a recent period they have been ably arranged, classified, and catalogued, by Surgeon Wilde, and we want but some antiquarian Cuvier to take up the fragments, and, as it were, to re-create, to the mind's-eye, at least, our ancestors, friends, and foes, as they once lived and loved, hated, fought, and dwelt in the country we now call Ireland, but which many would have called "West Britain." It has been hitherto the custom amongst writers to classify objects of antique art in the order in which they would seem chronologically to fall. Thus, we read of the stone, bronze and iron ages, from a belief generally entertained, that in the infancy of society, in the West and North of Europe, weapons for warfare, the chase, etc., are here almost exclusively formed of stone; that the stone subsequently gave place to bronze, which in its turn was succeeded by iron. We have only space to say, that we believe the change in the fashion of the material could never have been very sudden. That the earliest of the weapons and instruments preserved in the Academy are made of stone, there

can be no doubt, but nothing is known of their period, or of the races who manufactured them. Our Flint Collection includes upwards of 1,275 specimens, comprising arrow and spear-heads, knives, punches, besides an almost endless variety of weapons and tools of a less obvious character. That mortuary urns were used by the people of the stone period is certain, arrow-heads, and other small objects of flint having been found within them, along with charred human remains, as well as bones of some of the minor animals. The number of urns preserved in the Academy is very small, considering the frequency of their discovery, considerably more than 100 having been found; at least, in one instance together, but there are some really magnificent specimens, for one of which Wilde claims the proud distinction of being, both in design and execution, the finest which has ever been discovered in the British islands. But of all the treasures of the Academy, the unrivalled collection (330 specimens) of golden ornaments, will most astonish the general visiter. At some remote time, Ireland must have been a kind of California. Surgeon Wilde, who has examined nearly every museum in Europe, informs us that a greater number and variety of antique articles of gold have been found in this than in any other country in North-Western Europe, from the Alps to the utmost inhabited limits of Norway and Sweden. They consist of neck and waist torques, fillets, and hair-bands, gorgets, rings for the arms and fingers, bracelets, diadems, necklaces, breast-pins, ear-rings, ring-money, bullæ, boxes, besides miscellaneous articles. Where all the gold was originally procured is a point not easily determined, though there seems no reason why it might not be native. At any rate, the manufacture is native, as our gold antiquities are not similar to those found in other countries, either in form or decoration. An able review of Surgeon Wilde's admirably arranged and illustrated catalogue of these beautiful antiquities having appeared in the last month's number of this Magazine, we shall not trouble our readers with further reference to the "golden store" of the Academy, but shall conclude our little sketch with a glance at the silver, and thousands of bronze articles, which, even more completely than the gold, evidence the taste and manufacturing skill of the old people of Erin. Amongst these, the superb brooches and pins, are the most interesting. Carved, or cast, in a manner which our most skilful workmen of the present day cannot equal, begemmed with settings of stones, amber, or many-tinted, composition, the secret of which is lost, and, above all, designed in a series of most exquisite forms, in infinite variety, they must be pronounced the most wonderful production of art-manufacture, of a date subsequent to the classical period of antiquity, to be found in any country. Should any of our readers think we exaggerate; let them go and see for themselves. One Irish brooch, supposed to be as early as the seventh or eighth century, is described even by the London "Times," as "so exquisitely beautiful as to appear the work of fairy hands."

Brooches and pins were worn by the ancient Celts, as cloak-fasteners, and their position upon the breast is represented in sculptures upon the celebrated crosses of Clonmacnoise, and similar works in other places.

Were Moore alive now, he had no necessity to sigh for the "Swords of Former Times." We believe, that as our National Museum is richer in golden antiquities than any other west or north of the Alps, so it is in the possession of bronze remains and relics generally, of a pre-historic age. Thousands of specimens, consisting of swords, spear-heads, celts, gouges, tools, bridle-bits, crotals (a kind of bell), culinary utensils, pins, brooches, bodkins, tweezers, and other articles, too numerous to mention, composed of bronze, are here to be found. The similarity between our bronze weapons and those depicted upon Etruscan vases is very striking; and it is curious to remark that our bronze antiquities generally are admirable in form and ornamentation, in proportion to their degree of antiquity. We may here draw our reader's attention to a "Treasury Minute," very recently granted, through the operation of which, no doubt, much will be saved to science which otherwise had been hidden, lost, consigned to the melting-pot, or smuggled abroad, to enrich foreign collections. It is a *treasure-trove* regulation, by which the finder of an article has only to bring it to the nearest police-officer, from whom he will receive a receipt, by which the Government undertakes to return the article if not required, or to give, if retained, the "*full value*" thereof,—not merely its intrinsic, or bullion value, if of metal, but its full antiquarian worth, as determined by the Committee of Antiquities of the Royal Irish Academy, to which body all such articles are submitted for award by the Lord Lieutenant.

We would be omitting a duty if we did not make some notice of the obligations to which the Archæological public in general, and the Academy in particular, are under to a man, who, in a quiet, unostentatious way, has secured to us and to posterity a very considerable number of the choicest specimens of antique articles, chiefly of the precious metals which the Museum contains. We allude to John Donegan, of Dame-street; one who, like William Dargan and Charles Bianconi, by well directed energy, and a long career of usefulness, has amassed a fortune which, by his conduct, he seems merely to hold in trust for purposes of charity in the first place, and, in a secondary degree, for the advancement of every movement by which his countrymen might hope to benefit. John Donegan, as a purchaser of bullion, and in his connection with country dealers in watches and jewellery, has possessed peculiar facilities of collecting such waifs and strays of the olden time as are usually found in drainage or agricultural operations in this country. To our personal knowledge, he has often declined disposing of such articles to strangers, though the price they offered far exceeded the value he might expect to receive for the antique torque, crescent, fibula, or brooch, as the case might be, from any national institution. We have known him to hold things over for many months in the hope that they might yet be purchased by the Academy. Indeed, Donegan, in his quiet way, has done much to enrich our treasure-house, and but for his patience and unselfishness, many of our best things had been exported, or, what is nearly as bad, melted down.

We have also to thank the "Shannon Commissioners" for many invaluable

able acquisitions. During the progress of their works, particularly at the ford of Meelick, near Portumna, a great many antiquities were discovered, and secured for the Academy. The order in which they were found is curious and suggestive. First, nearly upon the surface, some weapons and other articles of no very great antiquity, matchlocks, and so forth, appeared; next came weapons such as swords and spear-heads, of a character extremely interesting, made of iron; and, in a lower strata, the leaf-shaped bronze swords, spear-heads, celts, etc., of a pre-historic age; and, lastly, at a considerable depth, were found the stone hatchets, and other implements of a race who inhabited these islands when society was in its infancy, and who lived in a state of barbarity similar to that of the natives of Tangataboo in the time of Cook. From another Government Department, the Drainage Commission, there are most valuable presentations, some perfectly unique.

They consist chiefly of articles discovered in or about the *crannogues*, or artificial islands, laid bare by the lowering of the level of lakes in the north and west of Ireland. The peculiarities of the crannogue, and the character of the antiquities found in connection with them, formed a subject, entitled, "The Lake Homes of the Irish," published in a former number of "THE HIBERNIAN," we have barely glanced at the sources from which the Royal Irish Academy Museum has been chiefly enriched. It is wonderful, considering the, until lately, very limited means of the Academy, that such a Museum could have been formed. Doubtless, there have been many hundreds of presentations,—single antiquities or a "find;"—but, in looking at the vast aggregate, our surprise is how so many articles, most of them more than a thousand years old, could have been lost and found. Yet old men, in the course of our inquiries, have informed us that, forty years ago, many scores of such articles as they now eagerly search for in the "old brass" were shipped off to English ports, and consigned to the founderies.

In the possession of Celtic treasures of a remote antiquity, we stand the richest country in the world. But for ignorance and apathy, our store might have been increased a hundred fold. When Hamlet asks—"Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?" he is answered by Horatio—"Twere to consider too curiously to consider so." We might find a kind of parallel in the fate of many thousands of our Bronzes, and the consideration is not so very curious. A Celtic warrior looses his arms, or they are buried with his body—time, perhaps, two thousand years ago. They are found in the nineteenth century by a turf-cutter; sold as old metal, shipped to England, and melted, and cast, with other materials, into the form of a six-pounder, work-house bell, or the gear of a locomotive! Strange history this! After being buried in a bog for twenty or thirty centuries, to be knocked up with a "dirty shovel," and pressed into a service so unromantic!

We had scarcely penned what we believed to be the last lines of our brief notice, when the evening journals announced the death of Eugene O'Curry. Within a few short months Ireland has lost two men, whose names must ever be connected with the history of the literature of this

country—we may say of the world. “Star after star decays,” but when shall be recorded a loss like that which we must feel in the death of two such men as John O'Donovan and Eugene O'Curry? We but echo the sentiment of any person in the least acquainted with the value and extent of the labours of these, alas! we fear, the last of the Brehons, when we state the loss irreparable. We have great minds still among us, but circumstances are not likely to occur again when two men, possessing the hearty, honest, and natural impulse for archaeological investigation which we recognize in O'Curry and O'Donovan, can benefit by opportunities for gaining antiquarian and topographical knowledge in every county, or even parish, in Ireland, such as they enjoyed when engaged upon the Ordnance Survey. These distinguished scholars, by the inscrutable will of Providence, were removed from this mortal scene in the very prime of their intellectual strength and usefulness. If in their deaths we must discern an irreparable loss to Celtic literature, we, nevertheless, retain the proud consolation that the works which they have left us can never die as long as the Irish or English language shall be spoken or read.

A TEPID BATH.

“WHAT'S all that cackling and screaming in the lower regions?” Colonel Butler enquired of his serving man, who had just entered the diningroom with a goodly array of tumblers and spoons jingling on a tray, whereof the “music with its silver sound” was pleasant to the ear. The opening of the door had let in an uproar from the back-stairs, intimating unbridled hilarity among the kitchen denizens; the men shouting with hoarse laughter,

“While woman's softer soul in glee dissolved aloud.”

“What is it all about?” said the Colonel.

“It is only Manus Reilly, sir,” replied the servant, “who has just come in with Sir Antony's compliments, and a haunch of venison.”

“*Only Manus Reilly!*” said our host, “as if that were nothing. I might have guessed from those sounds, that the fellow was not far off. He would set a meeting of Quakers, or a Board of Poor Law Commissioners in a roar. Beg of him, as soon as he has sufficiently entertained his present company, to bestow a few minutes upon us.”

It was not long after this summons before the visiter made his appearance; an elderly, weather-beaten man, of grave aspect, and rather bashful demeanour. He was dressed in the usual costume of a game-keeper, and except for a small pair of hazel eyes, quick and observant as became his vocation, he would have passed for a very dull-looking clown, as in his present situation, he seemed a very awkward one. Nobody could suspect that a mine of fun was covered by such a heavy brow, or that flashes of

merriment were wont to issue from those clumsy lips. His manner was strikingly diffident, no uncommon thing, by-the-bye, with popular humourists, when oppressed with a consciousness that much is expected from them. He had evidently been called into that presence to make sport for lordly Philistines; and the most practised assurance has often given way in a similar predicament. But, in good sooth, our game-keeper was, after his peculiar fashion, a modest man, or at least a shy one. He stood, therefore, for a few moments, twisting his hat into twenty different shapes, and, whilst he stammeringly acknowledged the hedge-fire of greetings which assailed him from all sides of the table, he shifted his position from one leg to the other, as he would have said of anybody else, just like a hen on a hot griddle.

The possibility of a "shy Irishman" has been often doubted. In one sense, indeed, the whole species is allowed by the most envious tongues to be *shy* enough, not even the great *Thunderer* would dispute that. But of the shyness which admits no flambeau before its merit, there is still a question, when the qualities of our race fall under discussion. Was it not Mr. Roebuck who challenged Alderman John Reynolds to lay his finger on a single specimen of *mauvaise honte* among our parliamentary contingent of one hundred and five? and did not one of the Scullys—I forget which of them it was—"going" it,* in the family way, lay his hand upon his heart, like *Euryalus*, and exclaim, "Me—me—Adsum?"

That claim was not allowed; the attempted exception only served to thicken the proofs of the rule. But out of Parliament, and also, I am bound to add, out of our Quarter Sessions' Courts, there are hundreds still unblasted by high British consuetude, who cannot say *Boo* to a goose, till the "dead cowl" is taken out of them.

Of such was Manus Reilly. Happily, our *governor* knew the way to thaw him. A magnum tumbler, skilfully mixed, was set at his right hand, and he was accommodated with a chair (the same which in former days was occupied by the family piper—near to the sideboard,) while the sanitary state of the household at *The Glen* was affectionately inquired after. My Lady was well, and Sir Antony was "hearty." The young ladies were gone to Killarney on a pleasure trip; and Mr. Garrett, "av coorse," was gone to take care of them. As for the buck that was shot yesterday, there was no particular feasting going to be on the head of him; or, to be sure, the present company would have heard of it; but he was only "kilt for an experiment."

"An experiment?"

"Aye, in troth, your honour, nothing else. Sir Antony was onasy till he would try a trained shooting pony he bought from a dailer at the fair of Crega. That is the wonderful pony, surely. He set the game like a spaniel, even before he got the first scent of it, and never laid more than three legs to

* "Going Scully," is a proverbial phrase in Ireland, to denote a person who takes more than a fair share of what is to be had, be it solid or fluid; but especially the latter.

the ground afterwards, till the barrowknight shot the buck from off his back. But then, if he did not forget his thrainin' and pelt away on all-fours, with the bit between his teeth, clean out of the park, I'll give your honours leave never to believe a word I tell you again. Oh, he's a wondrousful pony!"

"Do you mean to convey by your admiration," asked the colonel, "that my friend Sir Antony has been once more bamboozled in horseflesh, and that his new purchase also, as well as the last, is a screw?"

"That is about the moral of it, your honour," said Manus. "There is five and thirty guineas gone to Man-Chester, or to a worse place, (if there is worse); and they might as well have been laid out in one of them *Hoozar Lottheries*, for polishin' the Blacks, where there is nothing but prizes, and nobody wins them."

"Cynical as ever," said the Colonel; "your satire splashes all round, not even sparing the ladies, and their Bazaars."

"That is my way, as you know, Colonel, axing your pardon; ever and always to give people their full jaw."

"I know it, my old Guide of the Bath, I know it,"

"Thereby," chimes in a young ensign of the party, who was no other than Mr. Arthur Butler, the son of our host, "thereby, I am sure, hangs a tale."

"Not a doubt of that, Master Arthur;" said the sportsman drily.

"I am quite sure of it," repeats the stripling, "for I have often heard my father call you his *Bath Guide*. Would you, sir, have any objection to explain it; for by the nods and wreathed smiles which you exchange with Mr. Reilly yonder, as often as the bath is mentioned between you, there must be something amusing in the thoughts suggested by it."

"O, singularly amusing," said the Colonel, "and piquant too. But I don't advise you to lay up a similar reminiscence for the solace of your gouty years. If your curiosity is not to be appeased without a complete revelation, I refer you to the principal actor. Ask the G. B. himself; there he is."

"Will I tell it, Colonel?" said Reilly, starting erect from his lazy, recumbent posture, and his eyes twinkling with mischief!—"Will I tell it?"

"Do so, if you please—from end to end; all—all, nothing extenuate. To ask you to set down naught in malice would be putting too severe a curb upon your genius. But no names, recollect."

"Is it me, Colonel? Names! I'd scorn it. Honour is bright. If the cap fits any one let him wear it. I can't help that. But I'll swear it happened in California, before the goold grew there, if that would be more agreeable."

"No, no—tell the truth, the whole truth; and, if possible, nothing but the truth."

"And kiss the book"—added the knave with gravity, raising the glass to his lips.

"It is a great many years ago, coming next Christmas," he proceeded, "when myself was young, and them that I won't mention wor young too—"

young, and foolish. A gentleman came into this neighbourhood to set up for Parliament. He stood on the grand ould Tory interest. Little business he would have in them days to dream of being chaired thro' the streets of Butlerstown on any other interest; al—so, having the commendation of the clargy, and being heir to a nate prapperty of his own, with plenty of free-holders upon it, he won the day. Ah! praise be with long ago—'twas asy to win then. Any one that liked to go the right way about it, if he had the convaniency to pay his way like a gentleman, and made himself agreeable to the quolity—could get into Parliament. A nice pattrern of a mumber we got in Butlerstown—a white-haired gorsoon, green out of a College they called Oxford, just two-and-twenty that grass, and still withal, a Captain of the King's Body Guard—not a word o' lie in it."

Here one of the hearers interrupted the thread of the narrative to inquire, in what part of the world Oxford lay.

"Not a know I know," replied the narrator, "but it must be some place abroad; for sorra word of good English the said mumber of Parliament could speak only *haw—hawing* at every word, which made the people pity him, while it set them laughin' at the same time. Both which considerations were in his favour. Poor Counsellor MacKeown—the popular candidate—said he was no better nor a *cockney*, whatever that is; and the counsellor was a grand man at the tongues himself. He could talk high Dutch, and Portagee, Frinch, and Prosody like a native.

"A native of where, Manus?" cried Ensign Butler.

"A native of Ireland, what else? Maybe you thought I'd say the Isle of Man."

"And pray"—again broke in the interrogator—"What countryman was that member for Butlerstown?"

"Ogh, that's the murder of it," answered the game-keeper—"he was our own countryman, bred and born. It is no use to disown him, for all his ignorance of our disoorse. They sent him away when he was an *oanshogh*, no higher than that (placing his hand upon the table), and kept him in foreign parts till his accent was spilte intirely. Augh, upon my conscience, it was disgustin'—*'haw, haw—Aye say, you, feller, give mai orss some cawn, d'ye moinde?*"

This mimicry of refined Saxon pronunciation, with significant gestures to suit, made all the party very merry, nor did any one laugh so enjoyably as the jolly old Colonel.

"But the ladies," continued the game-keeper, "they did not seem to mislike him at all. There's no accounting for *their* fancies. Whether it was the honour of his prefarment, as a mumber of Parliament, or the piece of red cloth, (which to this day would decoy all the ducks from here to Carrickogunnel,) or a regard for the handsome bit of prapperty that was out nursing for him till an anshint dowager aunt of his would be gothered to her grandmother; whether it was all these things that recommended him, or else because he was, to tell the truth of him, a likely, clean-built, clever young fellow as you'd meet anywhere—it might be one thing, it

might be another, or it might be them all put together, but they took to him wondrously. 'Tis my belief he could have married half the county the first time of asking; and see, in case he had adone so, he would now be all your fathers, young gentlemen; for every one of your beeyootiful mothers would have given her eyes for him. Here's wishing to them good health, and long life to them all."

"Go on Manus," said the Colonel, "cut short your preface and come to the bath."

"Never fear, your honour," said the story-teller, winking with one eye till its place on his facial map appeared but a knot of wrinkles. "Never fear, but you'll come to it time enough. There was one lady in particular that the Captain seemed to fancy above all the rest. She had a purty estate of her own, at the lower end of the county, and it was his juty—you know—to extind his intherest in that direction as a good mimber. Very proper it was, too. I'd like to know who would not study the bearings of the country, 'specially when a spanking fine girl sat looking out of her own castle window at the end of the prospect. Do I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly, you rascal, I understand well,"

"— quorsum hæc tam putida."

"Bedad," says Manus, "that puts me in mind of the College of Oxford agin. But I'll say no more, only this. My master, Sir Antony MacCarthy—you're to take notice, gentlemen, he was not Sir Antony at that present time, nor within two of it. Ould Sir Hugh was alive and so was Mr. Justin, the eldest brother, him that broke his back at the Bally-spillan Steeple Chase, and died a natural death in his bed, the week after the accident. But, as I was going to say, Master Antony had a great taste for that young lady; and, betther than that, she had a tindberness for him; when in steps the mimber with his *haw, haw*; and altho' he made no great thrack, 'tis my belief he got no refusal."

"How do you know," said the Colonel, hastily, "whether he did or not?"

"Well, it's no odds now," replied Manus. "It was a dangerous thing at any rate to have such a rival. You know the proverb, gentlemen: '*Man proposes.*' The girls of these days deny that. They say he never does; at all events not half as often as he ought. That was not the case tho' in those honest times before Paris came in fashion, and when young gentlemen spent more of their time among there neighbours in their own country. At laste, there was no danger of the young woman in question being left on the shelf for want of asking. She had offers enough—more than was good of them, you may take your oath of that—and if our mimber was one of the number, whatever answer he got he did not go hang himself with his garters."

"Well, it was Christmas time, and a great party was expected at Sir Hugh's. I'm comin' to it now, colonel dear, don't be unpatient. Our new mimber, being the stranger, was first on the list; and as he had to come

across the country from the Shannon side, he threw his gun over his shoulder, and went in for a day's cock-shooting into the *Glin of Aherlow*. I need not tell you that the ould master had a shooting lodge high up in the *glin*, for 'tis there still; and at that time I was in charge of it. So the honour of attending this strange gentleman, and picking up as many of his outlandish words as I could get my tongue round, fell upon me.

"To do him justice, he was a dead shot, and a stout walker. No man could fault the pace he went hither, and over as good as twenty miles, of as rough and splash a cover as there is in Ormonde. But all the time he had a hard word for everything in *Ay-erland*. The fences were disgraceful, the corpses were neglected, the dogs were only hawf-taught, they were not Christian dogs at all, the powder hung fire, and the gorsoons that bet the birds out of the bushes, were atrocious! As for the cabin-curs (and every farmer's dog was a cabin-cur) it was as much as I could do to hinder him from shooting every one of them that barked as we passed by. *Moyah!* Where would he be now, or myself either, if he amused himself that morning shooting a Tipperary-man's dog on its masher's thrashle? I wonder who'd be atrocious then?"

"But if he spared the curs—which was the best of his play—he did not spare me for letting them live. 'A game-keeper, if he knew anything of his business, or was honest to his employer, ought to poison them all.'

"I was beginnin' to have a sort of liking for him, he was so off-hand a sportsman; but this talk ruz me. My honour was touched, and I sez to myself sez I—'If I'm not even wid you before night, may I be game-keeper to the likes of yourself, till I'm out of my time.' So, instead of takin' him home to the Lodge, when the sun went down, by a straight, dry path through the wood, I inveigles him down to the edge iv the soft bog, by way iv a short cut, and brings him as good as three miles round, where I knew he'd be up to his ancles every step."

"O, you villain," cried the Colonel, "it is only by degrees that I learn to fathom the depths of your depravity."

"Well, sir, there was depth in it," said Manus, "sure enough, but didn't he deserve it? Howzever that would be revenge enough; but worse a great sight, than I bargained for, came out of it. When we got about half way into the dark night in the very shakiest place of all, where it might be sudden death in a bog-hole, to look any way but right afore us, a storm breaks down the *glin*, fillin' our mouths and eyes up with sleet and hailstones as big as banes. It is a merracle to me as I sit here now, how either of us kept a tooth in his head that night. But we did weather it, thanks to marcy—and just as the clock struck six we entered the Lodge."

"Surely a cowl'd reception was prepared for his honour there. We must not blame him, if he did not fall in love with such hospitality on that occasion. Instead of the roarin fire, with a turkey spinning round on a string afore it, and that smoking pot of bacon and greens, not to mention the smiling potatoes, I promised him in the middle of the hail-storm on the bog, the kitchen was all black and dissolute. The parlour was no brighter; and the bedroom was like a vault. The housekeeper was asleep, as she generally

was, and her daughter, one Kitty Clancy, now Mrs. Manus Reilly, by your lave, gentlemen, was a gadding, rollicking thing. Sorra much better she is now. Though she knew that company was expected, she stopped out all day at a funeral, and only returned five minutes before ourselves. We found her still in her Sunday shoot, squeeze the wet out of her curls, before the kitchen grate. Fire I could not call it, for there was nothing but a few green *kippins** between the bars; and the smoke that came out of them was so sharp, it would draw tears from the eye of a tithe proctor.

"O, if you seen the mumber of Parliament, by the light of Kitty's half-penny candle at that fireside, you'd ha' pitied him. I know I did, for all his crassness. There he stood in his drippin' jacket, shiverin', shiverin' like a dog in a wet sack. The colour was gone out of his cheeks, and though I could see by his eye that his tongue itched to complain of the ungentle thratement he got, not a word would pass his lips. Faix myself was beginning to be frightened, and I reasoned in my own conscience, if it might not be manslaughter, at the very laste, to expose him the way I did. However I made up my mind to say nothing about that, to man or morthial; and till this instant moment, I never did whisper it, even to the wind in the glin. What sense would there be in telling of myself, when it could do him no good, and might bring me unto unnecessary throuble? I makes the best of the case then, and fell to work manfully, to blow up Kitty, and by her help, at the same time to blow up the fire. In a short time, matters began to look more janial; and the gentleman thought well of goin' up stairs to try and peel off his wet clothes. As he left the kitchen, he said he supposed he could not have 'a wawn bath, in such a wigwawn?'

"Thinks I, 'my hairo, there is life in you yet, you're coming to the use of your parliamentary mumber.' But I answered him, civil and respectable, that there was a *shower-bath* in his bedroom, which was only a little out of order, if that would do.

"'Out of orda,' says he, 'can you tell me wot is not out of orda, in this beeyootiful counthry?'

"And, so saying, he dragged his legs after him up the stairs, Kitty going before, with a candle, to show the way.

"Presently she comes down again, and bounces in upon the flure, with her word of command.

"'D'ye hear, Manus Reilly, you're to take your hands out o' your pockets, and get a tippit bath ready for the captain.'

"'What sort of a bath is that, Miss Clancy?' says I; 'I never heerd of the like.'

"'Nor myself, nather,' said she; 'but it is'nt what you'd understand by one of them furry things the ladies wears about their necks? I axed him if an ould muff would do? There is one in the closet, left behind by my lady, that day of the pic-nic in the glin; and I towld him there was not a tippit in the place. But all I got for my civility was, 'Don't be impudent; tell the fellar I want a tepid bath.'

* Twigs.

"Is it 'teepit' he said? O, that is another thing altogether. That's the English way of saying taypot, and taypot of coorse it was, by way of measuring the quantity. Are you sure it wasn't taypot?"

"Go ax himself," says she, "if it's information you want. I'll bother my head no more about it. *Teepot*, indeed! as if I didn't know. There, dy'e hear him tearin' at the bell?"

"Bedad, 'tis a puzzle," thinks I to myself, "whatever way you turn it. But here's the man to insinse us, if any body can."

"The man was Falix O'Day, the schoolmaster and clerk, the first scholar in them parts. It was only the week before he won a fat goose at a grand spelling match before the National Boord; and Misther Phailan, who distributed the prizes—Lord be marcful to him, he was a fair divider—he gave Falix the giblets all to himself. 'Falix,' says I, as he drew his chair close to the fire, 'what sort of a bath is a tippet bath?'"

"Can you spell it?" says he.

"Not myself, indeed," I made answer, "for, then, if I could, it stands to raison I'd know as much about it as yourself."

"Well, then," says Falix, stoopin' down a moment to put a coal in his pipe with the tongs, and then rearing himself up on his chair in the pride of his larning, 'I can,' says he—"t, e, p, tip, p, i; t, pit—tippit—That's it," says he.

"I'm as wise as ever now," says I.

"Why, I thought you'd know all about it, if you could only spell it. Listen—t, e, p, tip—"

"Agh, hould your tongue; there's the bell again, and the gentleman is waiting for his bath."

"Is it what tippet *manes* you want to know?" says Falix, looking into the fire, and taking a long draw iv the pipe.

"To be sure it is. Will you spake, or will you not?"

"Take it ay, Manus; the gentleman will wait till his hurry is over. A 'tippit bath,' I think you said."

"Tearanagers! yes; that is what it is."

"Well, a tippit bath is a bath of tippit wather."

"Much obleecht t'ye, sir. I suppose it's not milk you'd have it to be?"

"It might be that same. There was a great juke in England, not long ago, that took a tippet bath of milk every morning; and it was dhrawn off afterwards, and sould for crame to the quality."

"Eathen," strikes in Kitty, who was bastin' the turkey all the time, and gives him a tip of the iron spoon to call him to order, 'whisht! and give us none of your nonsense.'

"Upon my honour t'ye, Miss Clancy," says Falix, "'tis as threw as you're purty; and there's no going beyant that. More betoken, there is no nobler crame in all London. But it is tippit wather *you* want to find out, Manus, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes, yes."

"Tippit wather, then is wather that is one half of it cowl'd and the other half of it hot."

"What—is it boiling hot, you main?"

"Aye, indeed, as hot as it can come out of the steam-engine. This weather would temper it, if it came from Limbo."

"Now, I have it," says I, "all right. Kitty, blow up the big kettle," and up I goes three stairs at a stretch to answer his honour's bell.

He was standing before an apology for a fire, that gave more smoke than hate, and I could hear the teeth rattlin in his head like payse. No blame to him for that, great a captain as he was, after the sleet on the bog. "Well," he cries, "what about this bauth? am I to have it, or no?"

"While you're getting out of your stockings," says I, "'twill be ready for your honour; but you will excuse the colander at the top being a little rusty."

"Oh, by all means, it would not be *Ay-erish* without being rusty."

"For by that, sir," I throws in, "the spring is broke, and won't work of itself. I'll have to mount up on a chair, and power the wather down atop of your head, as soon as you are ready for it."

"I suppose," says he, "that must do, away with you then; and when I get into the bauth I shall call. Be sure not to keep me waiting."

"It was not many minutes before he began to sing out—"Aye say, you feller with the bauth!" and as I stood convanient atop of the stairs, with two big cans of wather, he was not kep' long in suspinse.

"All right!" says the captain, says he, standing inside the masheen, and the door pulled close.

"All right, sir," says I.

"Fire away, then," he cries; "but stop a bit. Is there an outside bolt to this bauth?"

"A soart of a one," says I, "but the socket is loose. It won't hould. There is a wooden button tho' that sarves to keep it shut." "Make that as faust as you can, then," says he, "and keep me in till the last drop; for I'm narvous about water, and might jump out at the first splash."

"Thinks I, you're narvous about more things, nor wather; but never fear, you'll get the full binnefit, and if it was a hogshead I detarmined, before ever he spoke, that he should have it every taste. So here goes," I cries, "in the name of marcy, and down I powers as good as four gallons of the pure spring, with little spikes of ice swimming about in it, just as it came, two minits before, out of the well. If you heered the roar he let out of him. I was a villian, a Roosian, an infernal Papist; let him out of that ice-house immediately."

"Indeed, and I am not going to do any such thing," says I, "till you get the whole of your tippet bath. I must obey ordhers you know, as your honour is a narvous man; and the best half is to come yit, so now for the bilin' wather."

"With that I jumps down upon the flure, to help myself to the other can. But it was only then he shouted in airnest, 'let me out, you assasin, ye, or ye'll hang as round as a top.'"

"May be so," says I, stepping upon the chair, "when my time comes,

but upon my word, I'm ashamed of you, you, a soger of king George, to go rise the counthry in that manner, about a souse in a tippet bath. Now, for goodness sake, shut your mouth, for fear you should swally any of this, and with that I dashed the second can-full, bilin' and smokin', after the first.

"But, in the mean time, his fright made him so desperate, that he charged with all his force against the door, which, being only held by the button outside, gave way, and he fell out upon the flure. Wasn't it well for him, the iron bolt wouldn't shoot after the *Ay-erish* fashion; for if it had, there he was, as secure as a rat in a thrap. Howzever, he did not clear the fence so completely, but the bilin' water came down upon a part of him that I won't mintion."

"'You audacious villain!'" said the Colonel, good humouredly, while the younger part of the company laughed long and loudly at Mr. Reilly's very original motion of compounding a tepid bath.

"Was the gentleman awfully scalded?" drawls one of the listeners, in a tone of affected commiseration.

"Believe it," replied Manus, "I'd be sorry to see your honour's pig scalded as awful, and it alive. It was more than a week before the doctor would sartify that his life was his own, and all that time myself was kep in the polis barracks, to be handy for the coroner. But the dent of good care brought him round. He was carried on the side of a kish, by four men, to the Glin-house, and nursed there as tindher as a lamb while there was any fear. After that he was cheered up by the company of as merry a set of young ladies and gentlemen as three counties could produce; and many a day, since then, he thanked God for the tippit bath."

"Thank God for it! Why so?"

"I'll tell ye why, then: it civilized him. When he saw what a kind, friendly *lochy* sort of quolity he got among, all the Inglisted consate was took out of him. He gave up his airs of looking down upon the people also; and there is not a heartier or humaner gntleman in any county this moment. I'd go through fire and wather for him, so I would."

"What—tippit water, Manus?"

"What odds?"

"He bore his misfortune, then, with good temper?"

"With the best of tempers; and often enough it was tried. For, according as he appeared to be mending, the wild young scamps (axing your pardons, young gntlemen, for making so bould with your fathers and your uncles), they would be pickeering at him, and wondhering when he would be able to *take his sate* in the Parliament-house. One would ask if he intended to go in for a second Sir *Boyle Roche*, and three or four, who thought they could sing, made a standing joke of whistling 'Kitty put the Kettle on,' or 'The Meeting of the Waters,' every time myself came into the room, I must say, with submission to your honours, that was not very good manners, after the captain forgave me, and took me to wait upon him till he got well.

"Even the ladies, in their innocent way, were not backward to cut a sly

joke at the accident, and one pretty *colleen* in particular, of tindhersixteen, used to laugh with her eyes, when she axed how the captain felt that morning, while the rest of her face was as sober as a bishop's. It was the kindest, and the funniest thing at the same time that ever you seen in your life."

"But what about the heiress, Manus?" said Ensign Butler, "I suppose my uncle Antony was making play all the while in that quarter."

"You may say that; and he did not play single-handed. Long before the captain could sit down at table, that pair was fairly promised, and he, good gentleman, was the first to wish Mr. Antony joy of his prize."

"That showed an amiable temper, indeed."

"May be it did, or may be not. But you would not give him too much credit for his surrendhering his sweetheart."

FLORAL LYRICS.

SONG OF THE LOTUS.

"Thou beautiful and stately river-queen."

MRS. HEMANS.

High in the great Gungoutri
The Ganges' waters spring,
And down thro' India's sunny land
They flow; meandering
By many a Vishnù temple,
And many a Siva shrine—
By many a mosque and cool kiosk,
And pagoda divine:
And o'er this holy river,
I, Indian Lotus, shine.

Here come the Brahmin virgins—
The chosen of their god—
All beauteous as the Moogree flow'rs
That near yon Im'ret nod.
Bending, they fill their golden urns,
They bathe their flowing hair,
And taste, with reverent lips, the stream,
And worship it with prayer;
And I, oh! happy Lotus!
Sing to the virgins there.

Oft from the realms of Indra
The boy-god, Cama, hies,
And, resting on my bosom fair,
In loving fondness lies ;
And over us bright loories sport,
On rainbow-coloured wings,
While, 'round the splendid Rosalà,
The gay Cocila sings,
And the echo of his warbling
Along the river rings.

Last eve, as votive offering
From fond, lovelorn Hindù,
A trim boat, garlanded with flowers
Of finest scent and hue,
With fruits of rarest flavour—
The mangusteen and pine,
And fragrant woods and spices,
And a lamp with fire divine—
A lamp, by Maya lighted,
A lamp for Cama's shrine,

Glode gaily down the Ganges,
The far-off sea to find ;
A gift, by love devoted,
To the Spirit of the Wind,
That he should for her lover
Breathe fair and favouring gale,
And safe restore young Azim
To his love and native vale :
And the Spirit, moved to pity,
Kindly fills young Azim's sail.

But when the Spirit's angry,
Alas ! the votive ark !
The Hindù maid in vain awaits
Her absent lover's bark.*
In vain she prays to Brahma,
Or decks dread Siva's shrine,
Fierce winds prevail and whelm his sail
Beneath the stormy brine.
Oh ! then my song is mournful—
I make her sorrow mine.

And so, from morning music
To bulbul's evening song,
I pass the day, a time of joy,
Like summer, bright and long ;

And when o'er Nundedevis
 Night rears her starry crest,
 Upon the Ganges' bosom
 I lay my head to rest,
 And, as a gentle mother,
 She rocks me on her breast!

LAMENT OF THE SUN-FLOWER.

"The sun's lov'd flower, that shuts its yellow curtain
 When he declineth; opens it again
 At his fair rising."

SHIRLEY.

The dew tears of night coldly gleam on my brow,
 And my heart, ah! 'tis lonely and desolate now;
 And my look is still fixed on the western sky,
 Tho' no ray of his glory now cheers my fond eye.
 O, Sun! golden Sun, tho' thou leave me to sorrow,
 Tho' thou shun me at night, thou wilt love me to-morrow!

While the last ling'ring star its lone vigil is keeping,
 Ere morn's early eye o'er the mountain is peeping;
 Ere the lark is awake, and ere whispering sighs,
 By young Zephyrus breathed, bid sweet flowers arise,
 I have shaken off slumber, am up with the Sun,
 And his satellite love till his bright course is run.

Oh! I'm constant and true; and I feel no delight
 If my heart be not warmed by his beams pure and bright;
 And my fond eyes are sightless if he be not nigh—
 How radiant they are while he smiles in the sky!
 Oh! he knows of my love, still he leaves me to sorrow,
 And I dream the long night, "he may love me to-morrow."

O Sun! golden Sun, when thou sink'st in the west,
 Will some happier flower by thee be caressed?
 Some more fair-favoured rival, with bosom of snow?
 Ah! my bosom was fair ere I felt thy lov'd glow;
 But my thirsting leaves drank up thy glory as dew,
 And my once snowy leaves changed to thy golden hue.

I have loved my love long; thro' the Midsummer days
 I have gazed on his face till mine eyes lost their rays.
 Ah! 'tis ever the same, he a rover will be,
 Tho' I truly love him, no, he does not love me;
 Else he would not each night leave me sighing in sorrow—
 Yet this slight I forget when I see him at morrow.

In the morning of Winter I on the east gaze,
 But I can't see my love thro' the frost-fretted haze;
 And when bleak ev'ning falls, not a gleam cheers my eye,
 Or relieves the drear blank of the frore, sunless sky;
 Then I close my tired lids, and all comfortless sleep
 Until Summer awakes me to love and to weep.

Now Summer is faded; when Autumn's flown by,
 And stern Winter approaches with grief I shall die;
 And, tho' cheerless and gloomy to all Winter be,
 All are gay when compared with poor desolate me;
 O Sun! golden Sun, ere ere Autumn is past,
 Look with love upon her who loves thee to the last!

CHORUS OF AUTUMN FLOWERS.

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
 Of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere."
 BRYANT.

"Canst thou imagine where those spirits live
 Which make such delicate music in the woods?"
 SHELLEY.

Come, golden Autumn, come; we have waited all the year,
 Through Winter, Spring, and Summer, to give you welcome here.
 Lovely Spring afar is fled, and now Summer's flying too,
 And, Autumn, if you long delay, alas! we'll ne'er see you.

Lo! flinging fruits in showers from his life-sustaining hand,
 He comes—and plenty, health, and joy, possess the teeming land;
 From the glowing isles of India to Iceland's solid sea,
 The heart of ev'ry nation speaks its gratitude to thee.

Oh! ever-bounteous Autumn, hear us humble flowers sing,
 In many-voiced gladness, for the genial gifts you bring;
 And, though bending fields salute you, rich orchards offer sweets,
 You don't forget the simplest flower whose song your presence greets.

Sing, sisters, ere the sinking sun doth chill the short-lived day,—
 Ah! hear ye not the coming winds? they call to us—"Away!"
 Then let our plaintiff farewell song be, like our welcome, true;
 And, Autumn, when you come again, we'll rise and sing anew!

JOHN DUGGAN.

ASPECTS OF SPACE FROM OUR PLANET.

As space is infinite, the observations and speculations originated by astronomers to determine the local point which our solar system occupies in that immeasurable vast, where the Deity presides over his innumerable universes, can merely have a relation to the comparatively narrow circuit which forms the visible and telescopic horizon of the earth's hemispheres. By day, in each, our view is confined to the radiant azure dome of our atmosphere, across which the sun appears to roll from east to west, sole lord of the empyreum; but the very glory of the mighty orb limits our view, and blinds us to those magnitudes and splendours of immensity surrounding us on all sides, contrasted with myriads of which, there is reason to believe, his proportions, vast though they be, are, comparatively, but those of a grain of sand, and his intensest light but a feeble incandescence. It is only when he has set, we perceive what darkness dwelt in his light—only when he has disappeared that Creation really opens on our view, and that we are thus enabled to form an approximate apprehension of the point in which we exist, amid the countless solar systems of the universe to which we belong—which itself occupies but a point amid the shoreless ocean of the infinite.

If, on some clear and cloudless night of this northern hemisphere, we turn our eyes to the sky, we perceive an innumerable multitude of stars covering the firmament,—over which they are thickly sown in every direction except towards the north. Amid them, those constellations, clusters, and groups, in which the largest stars appear, and to which, from their respective form, the fancy of early astronomic observers has assigned mythologic names, by which they are still recognised,—are those necessarily which are nearest us. How immeasurably remote, however, the mass of them are may be estimated by the fact, that the nearest fixed star *Z*, in the constellation *Orinarius*, which is only seen from southern latitudes, is twenty-one billions of miles removed from the earth; and light, which takes eight minutes to traverse from the sun to our planet, would require nearly four years to reach us from that remote fiery centre. Crossing the zenith in a direction nearly north and south, we see a pale, misty, irregular zone—the *Milky-Way*—an enormous aggregation of suns, which, to the naked eye, are, from their immeasurable distance, separately indistinguishable. Observed from both hemispheres, it is found to make a complete circuit in the heavens, traversing a series of constellations, until it reaches a part of *Ophiuchus*, where it separates into two branches, and again unites, forming a vast nebula, or strata of stars, of an irregular elliptical form. It is on its northern extremity that it divides into those two branches of unequal length, like the fingers of a hand directed to a point in space; and it is, so to speak, at the inner intersection of those branches that our solar system is positioned. Hence it is that the sky, to the north, appears comparatively devoid of stars, and that in all other directions they are seen covering the concave of the sky, chiefly intensified

along the medial line of the nebulae—the milky-way. Herschel has mapped about twenty thousand telescopic stars; but these are comparatively near us. As to the masses which constitute the milky-way, he has estimated that, even could their stars be rendered separately visible, it would take fifty people for eight hundred years to catalogue their number; and so remote are they, that their light, though travelling at the rate of nearly two hundred thousand miles a second, must require a thousand years to arrive at our world.

It is chiefly from the observations made by Herschel, at the Cape of Good Hope, that these hypothetic data with reference to the place our solar system holds with respect to our nebulae, have been gathered. Observing the firmament from that southern point of the earth, it appeared to him that the movement of the great congeries of stars with which we are encompassed was toward a point directly opposite the star X, in the constellation Hercules (which may be seen near the well-known cluster the *Ursa Major*); from which he inferred—not, of course, that the movement of the former was actual, but apparent, and resulting from the opposite movement of our solar system to the point indicated,—just as in a ship at sea, the apparent recession of the shores is a consequence of the movement of the vessel. From the number of stars in Hercules (113) it is believed to be the constellation nearest us in space; and thither our solar system is advancing with a velocity, as has been calculated, of about 1,623 times the radius of the earth's orbit, or 33,556,000 miles. Thus as the latter is ninety-five millions of miles, the sun and his planets are sailing toward the splendid Hercules' cluster at the rate of 154,185 millions of miles in the year, 442,442 in the day, 17,601 in the hour, 293 in the minute, 49 in the second. So slow is this movement, however, that an inconceivable period of time will elapse before any appreciable approximation to the suns of that region of space will be felt by the worlds of our system; though, judging from the actuality of the movement, a time will come when our solar system, which now occupies one of the poorest and most vacant points in space, will enter a more splendid stellar domain; the consequence of which will be that our nights will be far brighter. The change will be that experienced by a voyager sailing from this dim and comparatively cold northern hemisphere to the glory of the tropic.

Herschel calculates that the circumference of the milky-way is 35,000 times more distant from us than Sirius, whose light requires five years to arrive at our atmosphere. But, enormous as the conception of remoteness thus formed may be, it is reduced to nothing by considering the distance of those nebulae, dimly islanded in space, some 2,500 of which have been noted. That seen through the constellation Orion, which is one of the nearest, and which long remained irresoluble, gave rise to the nebular theory—the supposition of masses of elementary matter scattered through space, and still undergoing the process of planetary condensation. Lord Rosse's six-foot reflector has of late partially dissolved that misty sea-green speck into distinct stars, which appear like extremely fine needle-points, closely and innumably aggregated; and, doubtless, the irresolva-

bility of the other nebulae may be regarded as a result of the present imperfection of the telescope. Nebulae are seen thickly scattered in the open space toward the north, into which we look out from our position on the skirt of this universe; while they are seen still more thickly aggregated in space, viewed from the south. What are called the Magellanic Clouds—which are one of the most splendid phenomena of the austral zone, and which form two masses, known as the Nuberculæ Major and Minor,—appear to be a mass of nebular systems seen in perspective. Herschel, who examined them, states that they consist of a series of clusters, of irregular form, globular groups, and nebulae of various magnitude and degrees of condensation, interspersed over a bright ground. Some are of irregular and incomprehensible forms—one composed of a number of loops of luminous matter, like a bunch of ribbons tied in a knot, etc. “There is no part of the heavens,” (adds the astronomer,) where nebulae appear so crowded as in this cloud.” Nebulae present different appearances from the aspect in which they are viewed. Many are circular, and among the stars of almost all which have been observed, a tendency appears to exist toward centrifugal rotation, and from irregular to regular forms. In one, known as the spiral nebula, a collection of luminous matter, presenting the appearance of a circular ascending spire, a well-defined revolving movement has been ascertained. Such are among a few of the faint fragments of intelligence which science has lately gleaned of the conditions of the nearer points of infinity—of its centres of matter and centres of life. Well might Newton, though illustrious in achieving the greatest work of man—the discovery of an universal law—declare that he seemed to himself but as a little child gathering pebbles on the beach of an unknown ocean; and well might his succedant, Laplace, murmur on his death-bed, “What we know is little, what we do not know immense!”

We need not dwell upon the curious phenomena presented by coloured stars, one of the most remarkable of which is a red sun in Lyra, but may allude in passing to those late wonderful spectrum discoveries of Bunsen and his colleague, who, by analysing the light of the various nearer suns, have been thus able to form conjectures as to their preponderating substances. From those experiments, it appears that the chief element of which our solar system is composed is iron, while the light of other stars leads to the inference that their chief composition is gold and other metals. Nor can we pass over the spectral announcement made some years since by Professor Bessel, of Gottingen, to the effect that, in a certain point of space, he had discovered a system of totally dark orbs, in the centre of which an extinct sun revolved, surrounded by his gloomy planets. From this circumstance, as well as from the extraordinary clearness of atmosphere essential for their telescopic detection, this shadowy system is seldom seen; it is only from the elevations of high mountains in the southern latitudes, and in chance moments of aerial transparency that they can be traced amid their brighter brethren on the disk of the reflector. Telescopic progress, however, has far from culminated in Lord Ross's six-foot speculum; others of twice and three times the magnitude are still possible; nay, even the achromatic teles-

cope, fallen of late into disuse, now appears capable of being rendered superior to the reflecting, and, with the present knowledge of the chemistry of fusion and the physics of annealing, lenses of flint and crown glass may be executed on a gigantic scale, and even meniscuses of plate glass to hold gallons of fluid for the construction of aplanatic object glasses. By those means, the powers of human vision in some approaching epoch may be instrumentally multiplied many thousand times, and the majestic objects in the depths of space brought, as it were, to the surface.

The enormous relative proportion which the Sun bears to the planetary bodies of his system may be best estimated by a numerical scale. Taking the earth, which is 24 thousand miles in circumference, as unity, while Saturn would represent 100, Jupiter 340, Uranus 20, and Mercury one-sixth, the mass of the central orb, from which they have been projected, would represent the comparatively vast integral of 355,000. This immense globe, which is an ablat^o spheroid, like the planets, revolves, within a period of 25 days, 10 hours, upon an axis which is inclined to a point midway between the Pole Star and the constellation Lyra. As its diameter is 886,877 miles, its circumference is about 2,660,631, or 354,936 times that of the earth, though its density is only one-fifteenth, or a little greater than that of water—a fact which seems to involve the conditions of vast and rapid changes in its elementary matter, under the action of electric forces, intense heat, etc. Yet, from the magnitude of his mass, so great is its attractive force, that bodies would fall to the surface with a velocity of 334,65 feet in the second; thus, were a man positioned in the sun, he would weigh two tons; and hence we may infer that, in order to insure movement, its inhabitants must be formed of matter 30 times lighter than that which constitutes our bodies. Telescopically viewed, its external envelopment appears like a plain of luminous clouds, of varying and unequal brightness, indurated here and there by irregular rents and spots, with luminous borders and dark centres; around their edges they exhibit the appearance of cloud convolutions, and the forms of such apertures testify to the intense violence and rapidity of the forces by which they are caused. The composition of the solar photosphere is still a subject of speculation. Herschel supposes the orb to be encompassed by two strata of clouds, of which the lower is the less luminous, and that both are sustained from the body of the sphere by some process analogous to that by which our clouds are formed. We may thus conceive an ocean of some dry, rarified description of matter, such matter acting as a conductor to the electricity of the vast body of the orb, like our thunder clouds, and set in motion, by electric, chemical, and physical forces, so as to produce intense heat and flame, and so give rise to those tremendous currents and electric storms which are perpetually acting throughout its dense atmospheres. In Newton's day electrical science was little advanced, and he was, therefore, unable to bring the ascertained facts respecting the nature and action of this universal multiform element to bear on the hypothesis respecting the sun. Nevertheless, his opinion, though somewhat vague, is not without interest—namely, “that the sun and fixed stars were great earths vehemently hot, whose heat is conceived by the great-

ness of their bodies, and the natural action and reaction between the light they emit, and whose substance is kept from burning away, not only by their fixity, but also by the vast weight and density of the atmosphere incumbent upon them, and very strongly compressing them, and condensing the vapours and exhalations which arise from them." It is, indeed, not difficult to conceive an ocean of elemental matter emanating from the chemical and physical action of an enormous body like the sun—the difficulty is to account for the means by which it is sustained. The idea of the sun, which is many times larger than the mass of all the planets, being a lifeless world, an enormous furnace, as some suppose, is neither rational, as an inference from such knowledge as we possess respecting it, or as a speculation. If, indeed, any analogy can be drawn from magnitude, it may be reasoned that the suns of each system must be the chief laboratories of life in each, and that the conditions under which its fiery photosphere is maintained, are not incompatible with the presence of varied and numberless existences. That the sun's luminous envelopment is electricity in a state of combustion is now a generally received hypothesis, and is the only one, as far as man's knowledge of nature extends, which can account for the phenomena whose effect, as regards us, is—Light. What the action of one atmosphere, with its elements, may be on those of the other, is, of course, a matter of conjecture; we may add, however, that the simplest processes of experimental electricity tend at least to account for the production of heat, and the same element under its luminous aspect. When, for instance, the two descriptions of electricity combine, they neutralize each other, and such neutralization is accompanied by a spark or flash of flame; thus we have only to suppose two vast atmospheric strata, relatively positive and negative, perpetually combining by a movement which, from their great density, may be given them by the revolution of the orb, to arrive at some conception of the means by which the combustion of the solar photosphere is sustained. The electric spark also is found to be of different colours, according to the different metals and substances by which it is produced; and that the compound elements of the solar mass generally are those which, under various modifications, enter into the composition of the planetary bodies, is not only rational for analogy, but a matter of fact, as has been proved by the experiments of Kirchoff and Bunsen, who have discovered several of the particular metals which exist in a state of combustion in the sun, and whose effect is manifested in the solar spectrum. Besides, the seven luminous rays which form the latter, there is, as is well known, a dark ray, to which alone the chemical effect of light is attributable. Considering, also, the phenomena presented by the dry pile of Volta, which produces electric effects simply, while the wet pile creates chemical effects, there seems ground for an inference, that the solar atmospheres present combined conditions and processes for the evolution of both electricities. The solar spots have given rise to much speculation from the age of Galileo to the present; but though Herschel directed much observation to their phenomena, it is only of late that anything like probability has been arrived at with respect to the causes which produces them, and the laws by which they

are governed. Those spots, which are apparently confined to the equatorial zone of the sun (stretching about 30 degs. 5 min. on both sides of its equator,) are of different forms, irregular fissures, rents, pores, with dark, irregular nuclei, or centres, which latter are believed to be nothing more than the dark body of the orb, appearing through those openings in the luminous envelope. They form and vanish with great rapidity, and it is observed that the *feculae*, or bright spots, caused by elevations in the photosphere, generally occur in those points where the dark have disappeared, like waves meeting and mounting over a hitherto shallow interval of the sea level. The most curious and valuable information we have respecting those changes in the solar atmosphere result from the observation of Hofrath Schwaler, of Dresden, and which were continued over a space of 80 years, for 300 days in each year. This astronomer has ascertained that the spots—the smallest number of which is thirty, and the greatest three hundred, annually—occur in cycles of about ten years; that they enlarge from the minimum to the maximum proportion within five years, and require a similar period to arrive at their maximum, again. From observations, also, on the earth's temperature, made in all parts of the world, an exact relation has now been traced between the periodic inequality of the earth's magnetic force and the sun's spots—the alternations of increase and decrease in both corresponding within the same intervals. Still more curious is the relation found between their occurrence and the approximation of the largest planet of the system—Jupiter—to the sun. From its distance from the centre (five times greater than earth), the gravity of this orb, decreasing inversely with the square of the distance, would be inappreciable on the atmosphere were it the size of this sphere; but, from its enormous magnitude, —1,600 times larger than the Earth,—the influence of its gravity on the sun must, even at a distance so vast, be five times greater. The period which Jupiter occupies in its orbital revolution is about eleven years; and it is at those times that, moving in an ellipse, it arrives at perihelion, that the solar spots appear greatest, their increase and decrease, corresponding with the advance and retreat of the planet on either side of the sun, during periods of about five years. Thus, it is supposed that the effect of Jupiter's gravity on the solar photosphere is that of producing a disturbance in its atmospheres, attracting and drawing up its luminous element into vast mountains—an action similar to that of the moon in her syzyges on the ocean—leaving interspaces, through which the dark mass of the orb appears. It is singular to think that the state of the earth's magnetism, which has so powerful an effect on vegetation and life, is thus controlled by the action of a planet, 401 millions of miles distant from us, on the atmosphere of the sun, and that the changes in the latter re-act upon the earth through the ninety-five millions of miles of intervening space. Those spots are insignificant proportionally with the dimensions of the luminous solar ocean; yet some have been observed so vast as to represent an area of 300 millions of square miles, and those have been seen to form and vanish in forty hours—a proof in itself of the gaseous nature of the luminous envelope of the sun. Referring to the well-known fact that electricity is

confined to the surface of bodies, while magnetism permeates their mass, and to the interferences caused by the action of one upon the other, we can understand how the magnetic force of the earth becomes greater when affected by that emanating from the solid mass of the sun, when openings are formed in its external envelope of electric flame.

When the sun is viewed in annular eclipse, the curious phenomena of rose-coloured, irregular-shaped flames are seen surrounding the edge of the ring. Some conceived those flames, which are sometimes pyramidal, sometimes of the most eccentric forms, to be mountains on the surface of the orb; but, from observations made during the eclipse of July, 1860, it has been now well determined that they are merely pencils of radiation corresponding to the irregularities of the moon's opposite surface—to those stupendous peaks and valleys with which it is shadowed and intersected. From the lunar libration, one front only of the sphere is presented to earth; and thus we are indebted to the effects of solar radiation for any knowledge we can ever attain of the geography of the other.

In order to conceive the aspect presented to an inhabitant of the sun—supposing it to have any—we should imagine the firmament of our planet surrounded by an entire sun, its light many thousand times magnified. The seasons of this mighty sphere must be eternal. On its surface there can be no registry of time, as with us; on its surface there can be no night; consequently, its beings must be constituted very differently from us. Analogically, we may infer that the nature of life throughout space must vary with and be adapted to its extremes of temperature. In Mercury, which is only thirty-seven millions of miles from the sun—and whose density is that of lead, compared with that of Earth; or with Jupiter, which is that of water; and Saturn, which is that of pumice—the solar heat on its surface must be above that of boiling quicksilver; while in Mars, which is 145 millions of miles from the sun, quicksilver would freeze at its equator. From Uranus the sun must appear as a small star; from Neptune, which is distant 2,862 millions of miles from the centre of the system, around which it revolves in 2,004 of our months and seven days—still smaller. Thus, to ourselves we appear to be situated in a happy medium between fire and frost; but, while we may suppose that, in spheres nearer and more remote from the sun, life must be embodied in elements and forms different from ours, there is no reason to conclude, from the wisdom and goodness everywhere manifested in the works of Divinity, which fall under our cognition, that existence is less bright or happy beneath the stupendous firmament of flame in the sun, or amid the dense heat of Mercury, than on the earth; or greater on the earth than in those remote spheres which roll in comparative darkness, in an icy, perpetual starry night, on the limits of the system, and whose temperature, except sustained from within, would appear to be that of space, or fifty-seven degrees below that of Zero. In all, modifying conditions, doubtless, exist, of which we can form no conception; and, even were they such as we conceive, the adaption of life to external condition must be evidenced there as here. The Laplander prefers his icy waste and semi-annual night—the Saharian his burning

sands, his region of flame and thirst, to those temperate regions which we inhabit, and, contrasted with which, either extreme appears to us intolerable. Again, we may infer, from our cognate comprehension of the Creative Intellect manifested in the arrangement of the universe—of those geometric and numerical laws by which mass and particle are everywhere regulated—that the intellect of all beings inhabiting space must, in its nature and operations, however different soever in degree, be everywhere the same. Sixteen must be the square of four, in Saturn as on earth, in the capital of some kingdom in Sirius as in London; and the three angles of a triangle equal to their right ones, amid the stars of the remotest nebulae, as on our little sphere. Thus, whatever may be the forms of our fellow-creatures in the Infinite, or the conditions, inconceivable to us, under which they may exist, all possessing the basal principles of intellect must be allied to us by identity of intelligence—life itself everywhere, as here, must be governed by the same moral laws; and, however varied the civilizations of space, its communities revolve upon the poles of Justice and Love.

As the planets form parts of solar systems, so the latter are conceived to be portions of astral systems, of which the spotty regions of the milky-way and the constellations, are aggregates. The number of stars observed in the three orders of constellations—northern, southern, and zodiacal,—amount to 3,487; all of which are suns, whose planets are rendered invisible from their vast distance. Many of those stars, when examined by telescopes of great power, are found to resolve themselves into binary and tertiary systems, or those composed of two and three spheres, which revolve round their respective centres. Although, however, some six thousand binary, or double stars, have been noted, there are but seven or eight of them whose comparative nearness have enabled astronomers to speculate on their movements, which are apparently more eccentric than any we are acquainted with in this system—the least being double and the greatest quadruple that of the planetary orbits. Sidereal astronomy, indeed, contrasted with solar, is little advanced, and little likely to attain much development. To determine the distance of a star, the first step is to ascertain whether it exhibits any sensible parallax—in other words, the angle at which the diameter of the earth's orbit would appear seen from its point in space. So remote are even the most approximate spheres, that a semi-diameter of the earth's orbit would constitute a base utterly insufficient for that purpose. That those which appear to move swiftest are nearest us, is a rational supposition, hence Struve considers the star 61 in Cygni to be the least remote; and if, as he states, the diameter of the earth's orbit would be seen from that sun at an angle of half a second,—a value which corresponds with a movement of twenty-four millions of millions of miles—then its distance (the diameter of the earth's orbit being 190 millions) must be 412 millions of times 190 millions of miles from the earth—a distance which light, travelling at the rate of 190 millions of miles a second, would require nearly six years to traverse, while its annual motion must be 120 millions of millions of miles. Although nothing is known of their magnitude, myriads of those fixed stars, from the

quantity of light they emit, must be hundreds and thousands of times larger than our sun. Even Sirius, one of the brightest, and possibly nearest, placed where our sun is, would appear upwards of three times as large, and radiate upwards of thirteen times as much light. Since the era of accurate observations, many stars have been found to vanish from the heavens, while others disappear periodically. Among the latter, is the star Omicron, in the constellation Cetus, which becomes visible and invisible twelve times in eleven years; and one still more remarkable—namely, Algol, in Perseus, which exhibits the appearance of a star of the second magnitude for two days and fourteen hours, then, during three and a half hours, is reduced to a fourth of its size, again to recover its brightness within a similar period. While the regulated variability of lustre in those and other stars may be hypothetically accounted for by the interference of their planets in the plane of vision, or of other bodies in space, such variations at such enormous distances indicate the astonishing velocity of matter in those remote regions of the firmament—an illustration of which is seen in the binary star 6 in Eridani, the revolution of whose satellite is $10^0 67''$ per annum, and which is found to perfect its revolution in thirty years. In our system, Mercury is the swiftest planet; it moves at the rate of 107,000 miles an hour. The great comet of 1680, when at perihelion, swept through space at the speed of 880,000 miles an hour; but, if two suns in Eridanus are as remote from each other as the nearest fixed star from our sun, their velocity can only be about three times less than of light itself. Compared with the rapidity of motion manifested by their binary system, that of our earth, moving through space, at the rate of sixty-eight thousand miles an hour, is but that of a snail to a race-horse.

Contrasted with the aspects of southern latitudes, the panorama and brilliant phenomena of space are seen from those of the north, dimly and disadvantageously. Upon the shores of the eastern Mediterranean, Egypt, the mountains of the Cape, and the Andes, the stars of the firmament are not only many times brighter than here, but exhibit diversities of colour which range through every degree of the prismatic spectrum. There only is it that the cloud-belts of Jupiter, resulting from the vast velocity of its atmospheric currents,—the rings of Saturn, advancing to the great sphere with their crests of waters—and the splendid visitants of the cometary world,—are seen to perfection. Of those latter, some 1,400 are known to revolve within the earth's orbit, and as many as 3,529,470 within that of Uranus, though, from the effect of sunlight, dense atmospheres, and extreme southern declination, interfering with their recognition, it is concluded that their actual number may be double the last stated. The extreme eccentricity of the movements of those bodies, which move from west to east, north to south, and in all inclinations, to the plane of the ecliptic, has given rise to many theories as to their origin. Newton supposed them to be fragments of rarified matter, diffused through space, and not specially confined within the action of the attractive laws of this system; Lagrange, that they were portions of matter projected from volcanoes in the sun—an hypothesis originated

to account for their elongated orbits. It is unnecessary to allude to the phenomena they present, or to those predictions with respect to the return of several, which are among the greatest triumphs of science; adding merely, that in the case of those whose periods are ascertained, such interferences as occur to protract their return, may tend to throw a light on the condition of remote regions of space, and, perhaps, lead to the discovery of planets attached to our system still more remote than that of Neptune, by calculations similar to those which enabled La Vernier to conjecture the existence of that planet from the perturbation observed in Uranus, before its discovery. The apprehensions which once existed as to the effects which the earth might suffer from collision with a comet, have long vanished. Apart from the considerable distances which constitute their nearest approach, matter of such extreme tenuity as that of which they are composed, could effect little alteration in our atmosphere, even though they entered it, not to speak of altering the earth's axis. Newton, indeed, calculated that the entire substance of the tail of the great comet of 1680, which, after perihelion, extended 100 millions of miles, might be compressed into a cubic inch of substance, not denser than air, a calculation illustrating the astonishing expansive power of elementary matter, under the influence of intense heat, and the inconceivably rare nature of the medium of space, which, supposing the undulatory theory correct, must possess a density sufficient to convey to us those vibrations from the luminous envelope of the sun, whose result is light. As both the tails and nuclei of those comets whose periodic return has been determined, are found to diminish with each successive approach to the sun, it is computed that their bodies must ultimately be absorbed into his atmosphere; and this circumstance, as well as their vast number, lead to conjectures as to their object and use, which may possibly be that of collecting, by their attraction, through the immense spaces they traverse, the matter diffused by solar action through space, and carrying back to the centre of heat and light the elements exhausted in combustion. For, however matter may change, there is reason to believe that no particle, ponderable or imponderable, can become extinct—a fact respecting matter which supplies a scientific inference of the eternity of that far more precious element in creation, for which matter only exists—spirit. Considering the calculation of La Place, that the solar attraction has an effective action on a sphere 100 millions of times more remote than the earth from the sun, there is no difficulty in accounting for the vast areas and vast periods of multitudes of those splendid bodies.

Lately, a theory has been started with reference to the existence of a central sun, around which the solar and astral systems of our nebulae are supposed to revolve. But though no data furnished by observation can determine the existence of such a sphere, and though, considering the conjectured form of the nebulae,—that of an elongated concave,—the hypothesis of such a centre is not very probable, it is only enough to consider that the centre of gravity is not in our sun, but in that point of space where that of the sun and planets meet and balance; to infer that the gravitating force of all the systems spread along the ring of the nebulae, may have an action

reciprocal to a central point, which thus controls their revolutions. All bodies, and collections of bodies, in the heavens of infinite space, are in motion; and even those nebulae or universes, scattered at inconceivable distances from ours, may possibly have a relational movement, though one requiring, perhaps, innumerable myriads of years to recognise and register.

LILLIE BROWNE.

BY RUTH MURRAY, AUTHOR OF THE "TWO LENORES," ETC.

I.

Mrs. WEST was one of those fortunate women who seem so happily placed in the world, that they surely can have nothing left to wish for. She had a kind husband, and just a comfortable number of dear little children. She was blessed with a good humoured disposition, overflowing with universal sympathy; and, in addition to all these favours, fortune had gifted her with no mean share of wealth.

Her comfortable mansion nestled among the luxuriant woods and gardens which surrounded the pretty little village of Mayfield, with its one white street and a half, its fairy bay of silver sand, and its mazes of ivy-hedged by-roads, so tempting to rambling feet. In this cozy mansion, Mrs. West lived at ease, and so happy did she find herself, that she felt a kindly longing to communicate some of her sunshine to other people. With some such genial motive, folding her pink paper, and gumming her pink envelopes, our cheery, good, fairy-like matron despatched, once upon a time, certain invitations to sundry of her young friends in the neighbouring city, to come and bide awhile under her jessamined eaves. It was Midsummer, she urged, and the moss-roses were so delicious, and they did want so badly some good natured people, to come and help them to eat the strawberries, which else must go to loss by pecks.

She told Lillie, Doctor Browne's quiet, gray-eyed daughter, that George would certainly be there, and she assured George Tugram, the blithe, clever young merchant, that, without fail, his own little Lillie would greet his arrival with one of her delicious dreamy nocturnes, sighed out from the heart of the new grand piano from Erard's. She informed Haidee Girdwood, the charming coquettish beauty, that she would promise her enough amusement, and plenty of beaux, that she meant to get up private theatricals, and that she, Haidee, should choose for herself a good part. Little black-eyed Nannie Lester was charged to bring her rosiest sash, and her gayest chatter. All the rest of the invited were warned generally to come prepared, with spirits for any amount of fun. Last of all, Mrs. West sent a note to her dear, eccentric, old bachelorish friend, Mr. Darrel, who was so very lonely, so very wealthy, and so fond of being present at young people's

gatherings. The invitations were accepted with most undignified eagerness, and soon the guests came hurrying out of the dust, and dancing with long-ing feet, right into the heart of the Mayfield parterres.

And now, on a Midsummer evening, Mrs. West's moonlighted drawing-room presented to the eye certain groupings, whose forms and tints, lights and shades, would have filled the heart of any poet or painter with satisfaction. The door-window, "standing wide for heat," discovered visions of a fairy world, of shady green lawn, rich with the odour of unseen flowers, and besilvered with the ethereal smiles of that radiant face, which looked forth from its jewelled mantle, over the shoulders of the chestnut trees. A shower of ivy leaves glinted and darkled into the room. In their shelter Haidee stood. The moonlight touched her figure's rounded outlines into gleaming relief, and sent its pure white drapery sweeping away into the air shadows behind her. A very exquisite figure she stood, like a white sylph. A very bewitching face it was, rippling over with smiles, looking fair, and tender, and symmetrical. A very beautiful countenance, whose coquettish gaiety of expression was under that dream-light, softened into a charming archness. This was Haidee, etherealized by the moonlight, into the ideal of what she ought to have been, but was not. Her voice rose and fell with a laughing intonation, as easy and pleasant to hear, as the water rippling along a summer glen. Her blue eyes were full of gleeful triumph, her red lips uttered witty captivating nothings, very good to listen to, if they had been the merry upspringing of an innocent heart. Her hair wandered away from her temples, in golden rings and waves, and fell in lazy lustrous curls around her white throat, and upon her shoulders. She was laughing and talking with George Tugram—handsome, brown cheeked fellow, as curly haired as a school-boy, and as fond of holiday fun. Black-eyed Nannie Lester flitted about in her famous rosy sash, near them, and away, and back again, like a brilliant, restless butterfly.

Mrs. West has left the room. Probably she has stolen off to the nursery, just to see that the darlings are all cozily tucked up in their beds, or perhaps, like a good wife, to give a private welcome to her husband, who has just returned from town.

Mr. Darrell is lounging in a window by himself; a good-looking elderly man, with a benevolent countenance. He is looking towards that shadowy alcove, where the piano stands. One streak of moonlight trips silently across the floor, and lies its length along the keys, and upon the fingers that move slowly over them. Lillie is playing, she is murmuring doleful melodies to herself, for Lillie's heart is very full of trouble. She is a grave little figure in a robe of simple gray muslin, and a moss-rose in her belt. Her features do not want moonlight to make them spiritual, the soul has refined them without external aid. Her eyes are gray, and deep with shadows. Her head is clothed with softly braided brown tresses. She is a melancholy little figure, drooping, but not weak, sad, but not crushed, one who will bend but never break.

Lillie's wild, low melodies are uttering something like this:

"I cannot look at her she is so beautiful. She is radiant, like an enchantress. I do not envy her her beauty or her wit. I would give her all the world, if it were in my gift, so she might go and leave George's heart to me. I did not expect his love. I thought it too rich a boon for me. I kept my own sealed up and hidden away. And then he came and laid his jewel at my feet, and he broke the seal of my treasure and took it into his own keeping. By-and-bye he will fling it back to me shattered, and his own gift he will take away, and give it to her who covets it for a toy. I feel her hand stealing it away. Would she love him and make his happiness, I could turn my face from them and utter no complaint; but she has no truth, and she will work his misery."

Lillie's music breaks off with a low sudden wail, like a gasp of smothered anguish. Mrs. West is by her young friend's side, and her soft hand is on the girl's shoulder.

"Lillie, my love, your strains are perfectly unearthly to-night. I do think you are all bewitched, sitting here in the dark and the moonlight. There is Mr. Darrell, like a romantic shade among the curtains, over yonder, all alone. And these two at the window! George, what can you be thinking of? And you, Miss Haidee, come from that window directly, before you catch your death of cold."

Miss Haidee laughed gaily, and said they had been discussing arrangements for to-morrow night's theatricals. Mrs. West went on scolding good naturedly at everybody, with a kind of amiable ill-humour. In a few minutes the windows were closed, the curtains drawn, and the chandelier blazed, to the infinite relief of many others besides Nannie, who, at once petitioned for a dance. No one but Mr. Darrell observed that Lillie quitted the room before the lights came in, and that she was absent during ten minutes. For she was at her post, quiet and obliging, as usual, when they came calling upon her to play the quadrilles.

They danced that night away, and another sun shone over Mayfield. This was an important day, and full of excitement, for to-night the private theatricals were to come off. There was a last rehearsal, when George, the manager, found that every one had learned his or her part with exemplary industry. Then the ladies went off to put finishing touches to their several costumes, and the gentlemen, in their shirt-sleeves, kept knocking about the stage with hammers, and making a great fuss with step-ladders, foot-lights, and draperies. A very convenient room up-stairs had been startled out of the even course of its existence, by getting changed into a theatre. Seats had been erected for select spectators, at the distant end, and the plentiful library curtains had been ingeniously strung from wall to wall by means of cord and rings.

Evening came. There were to be three plays. Haidee had the best part in all, Lillie only acted in the last, which was "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," not a very soul-stirring piece, but one which suits young amateurs, because the characters admit of gay and picturesque dressing; the young king, who may be fifty personated by a girl, the duchess, who may

wear any quantity of satins and flowers, and the dashing hero, magnificent with doublet, feathers, and burned cork.

Lillie, the duchess, stood ready, waiting in the busy dressing-room. She was feeling sick and cold. The play was to her a dreary affair, the rehearsal that morning had been enough. She got in behind the curtains, and peered from the window, into the lingering daylight, sending her thoughts wandering away among the strands of peaceful silver cloud that were dreamily dying away into nothingness in the shadowy distance. She was longing to die away so, into rest and forgetfulness, and be rid of the life which had promised her so fair, and was now playing her so bitterly false.

A gay laugh made her turn with a shiver from the window. The mirth was Haidee's, who stood before her, beautiful as a sprite, in her fantastic dress.

The other plays had gone off with great spirit. Mr. West, and even Mr. Darrell, had taken funny parts, and acted them to everyone's satisfaction. George had outrivalled them both. Nannie, as a pert little "Sally," had made a success. Others had done equally well. As for Haidee, her witty acting had called forth rapturous applause. George had played her successful lover twice. No wonder Lillie felt sick.

And now the last play came on. The scenery was capitally arranged, the place was full of flowers, the stage was like Fairyland. The audience was in good humour. Haidee and George were in the full glow of inspiration, intoxicated with success. Poor Lillie was no duchess. She had not got the knack of sweeping a stately train after her with indolent graces, of looking charming at will, and uttering vapid, elegant phrases in tones of ravishing sweetness. She did not look a duchess in Mrs. West's best purple velvet dress, and black lace mantilla. She did not act well. She did not achieve any eclat.

Not that Lillie Browne was stupid, or lacked fire. Give her a piece with life and spirit, with a meaning in it, and let it be of what kind it might, comical or tragical, see how Lillie would have seized on it, picked out of it the grain of significance, and magnified and enriched it. See how she would have thrown all her soul into her work, and astonished all present, by the exquisite humour, or more likely, by the passion and power of her rendering. But the insipid duchess paralysed poor Lillie's energies. She had to make weak speeches with burning ones upon her tongue; she had to smile coquettishly when she longed to burst into bitter tears.

Lillie had longed for a good part, if she must act at all; but she was one of those who will never stretch forth their hands and snatch from others the object of their heart's longing—one of those who will take a good when it comes, with a passionate joy known to few, but who, if the boon be withheld, or appropriated elsewhere, will bear the privation with quiet dignity, and suffer great things even unto death, with silent constancy.

Lillie had to listen to George—George who looked so handsome, so brave, so like a hero of romance. She had never seen him look so well.

She had to listen to his impassioned speeches made to her, but at Haidee—Haidee, the young king, with her golden ringlets shaded saucily off at one side. Haidee, in her rosetted shoes of satin, her crimson tunic, her hat with its long white feather and diamond clasp. Haidee, bewitching with smiles and saucy mirth. She felt the painful contrast between the duchess and the king, and longed for her cruel trial to be over. At the end of one scene she stole away to a dark closet off the dressing-room. Thither Nannie came flying after her.

"Lillie, it's a shame. Really, if I were you, I shouldn't let George flirt at that rate with Haidee Girdwood. Everyone's noticing it; and she's such a conceited thing! But Lillie, dear! oh, good gracious, you're not going to faint!"

"No, Nannie; but hush! Will you reach me some of that water?" Scarce was the draught swallowed when "The Duchess, the Duchess!" was the subdued cry in the dressing-room. Lillie sprang up, and the next moment the duchess was upon the stage, looking deathly pale in the foot-lights, but smiling, as it was her business to do.

And now it is all over. The music has ceased, the foot-lights are quenched, the performers in their fancy dresses have mixed among the spectators, and all have descended together to discuss merrily the evening's entertainment over Mrs. West's hospitable supper-table.

What can George Tugram be about, that he has quite forgotten his once precious little Lillie? Perhaps, probably, he is afraid to meet her grave eyes. At all events, he takes no notice of her, and hands Haidee to her seat, and attends her right gallantly, and looks at her eloquently. The supper is pleasant with good things, gay dresses, bright faces, and laughter. Nannie sits close to Lillie, and sometimes squeezes her hand under the table, anon darting wrathful glances at the merry beauty opposite, and curling her lip contemptuously at George. But Nannie is an insignificant little body, and her honest anger is quite unnoticed.

Supper is over, and a dance. Most of the guests bidden for that evening have paid their adieus and compliments and departed. Mr. Darrell has been saying kind things, all unheard by Lillie at the piano. Haidee has left the room for some reason, or more likely for some caprice. Perhaps (at least so Nannie would have sworn) to take a good look alone in the tall dressing-room glass at her bewitching self. George has wandered restlessly about the drawing-room, and at last has left it too. Lillie waits but two minutes, and then follows him down the hall and into the moonlit garden. Her noiseless feet are close upon his down the paths.

George Tugram is heated much by excitement, and a little by wine. He must have a breath of air. His conscience is stinging him, now he is alone. He is thinking remorsefully of a certain little soft hand that can never lie trustingly in his again; of a certain low voice which will never speak sweet thoughts and tender fancies into his ear any more. And yet, with strange inconsistency, he will not rouse himself to shake off the fascination that is upon him. He stoops to pluck the head off a rose, and

comes face to face with what he shrinks from seeing—Lillie, like a reproachful spirit in the moonlight. Lillie, the shy, unbrilliant duchess, but with infinitely more of stately majesty in her mien now, than marked it two hours ago on the stage.

"Lillie!" he exclaimed, in unpleased surprise.

"George," she said, "I have come to release you from your engagement to me. I know it has grown irksome to you. You are free from this moment."

"Can you forgive me?" he stammered.

"Surely, George, I wish you well; and pray that Haidee Girdwood may make you a better wife than Lillie Browne."

"Lillie, I—"

But Lillie was gone away through the garden door, whose drapery of purple Mistaria stirred airily under the moon.

She has met Mrs. West in the hall, who has just been smiling out the last of her guests.

"Mrs. West, can you speak with me a moment? will you come into the library?"

Certainly, my dear." And the two are speedily closeted.

"I must go home to-morrow, Mrs. West."

"Lillie! why, what do you mean? Go to-morrow, and not wait for the pic-nic to your favourite wood? Indeed you shall do no such thing."

"But I must, Mrs. West. You know how delicate father is, and how much he misses me."

"He won't miss you for a day or so longer. Why, Lillie!—and George, what will he say? though, indeed, George—"

"That is it, Mrs. West; that is the truth. It is all over between me and George."

"Are you in earnest? That is it then. Oh! my poor, darling, brave little girl!" and the kind matron folds her young friend in her arms, and kisses her, with tears in her eyes, and hot indignation on her cheek.

"You had better go, my dear, in God's name," she said. "As for George, I did not—could not have believed him so wicked."

"Don't Mrs. West. You must not call him wicked, it is not his fault. I am not beautiful and brilliant as she is. I trust it is all for the best."

And now Lillie felt that the interview had been already too long. She slipped from her friend's embrace, and ran up to her room. Mrs. West went back to her drawing-room full of sorrow and indignation. She accounted for her disturbed countenance to her friend Mr. Darrell, by announcing that her pet guest, Lillie Browne was leaving her unexpectedly on the morrow.

Half an hour afterwards, when Mrs. West entered Lillie's room, she found the girl on her knees beside the bed. Lillie rose to her feet, quivering in every limb, with lips swollen, and eyes red, and Mrs. West was distressed at having intruded upon so sacred a grief. So dismayed was she that for some time she forgot the message which had brought her there.

By-and-bye, when proud Lillie had smothered in her sorrow, and sat talking to her very calmly, she said :

"I am come to you on a mission from Mr. Darrell. The rest are all gone to bed, and he wants to see you in the drawing-room. I promised to ask you, but, of course, you cannot go down to-night."

"I do not know what he can want with me," said Lillie, "but I had better go at once, for I shall start early in the morning."

And she poured some water into her basin, and commenced to bathe her face, and arrange her hair.

Mr. Darrell was alone in the drawing-room when Lillie came in. He rose to meet her, placed a chair, and stood with his hand on its back, beside her where she sat. Standing so, he told her a long story, which ended in a question. Would she marry him? The question was gently, sadly, tenderly put. He said :

"Long years ago I loved such another woman as you. She died, and I never met another who could creep into my heart. Of late, the dream of my youth has returned upon me with an overwhelming sweetness. I thought I looked on you as a child, and thinking so I let my mind dwell on you, and my eyes follow you, till now, when about to miss you, I have discovered that a shrine has been made, and an idol placed in my heart, and that idol is Lillie. Have patience with me yet another moment. Many would laugh to hear me, I know, and call me an old fool. But you will not laugh, you could not make a jest of honest feeling, and so I am safe in addressing you. I shall soon, alas, be an old man, yet mine will be a green age. I have wealth ; I do not, God knows, hold it out as the shadow of an inducement. I know, even were I fool enough to do so, that your truth-loving nature would loathe the bribe, nor would it weigh as a feather in your mind. But you have a father. I know your devotion to him. Pardon me for saying that his continued ill-health must limit his income. I would strain my utmost powers to surround him with every luxury and solace within the reach of wealth. Will you give me your answer, dear child? Do not fear to grieve me, if your young heart turns naturally from union with one who might easily be the father to older women than you. I would love and cherish you tenderly, Lillie, and that is all I can urge."

Lillie has been sitting all this time with her face covered, now she has risen all trembling.

"Mr. Darrell," in a quivering voice, "I have no words to thank you for your kind, your generous offer. You are good and noble, and there is only one reason why I cannot love you. My heart has been long since given to another—another who valued it once, but who cares very little for it now. In saying that I cannot be your wife, I feel that the loss is my own."

Mr. Darrell gazed on her, with sad interest. Standing before him, he saw her reddened eyes watering again.

"It cannot be," he said, "that you, Lillie, so young and loveable, have coveted affection, and been denied it."

"It is so," she said, trying to smile. "But I am not complaining. Will

you promise to be my friend, Mr. Darrell? I would value your friendship dearly."

"Your friendship always, my sweet child, till death comes. But I cannot see you often, Lillie, it would make me discontented."

Then they shook hands, and he sent her away with a "God bless you."

The next day Lillie Browne went home to her father, and Mr. Darrell also left Mrs. West's, for his own beautiful, lonely home, half a mile on the other side of Mayfield. On the next day after that, Mr. Darrell, the wealthy old bachelor, made his will.

It was Christmas time, Lillie Browne sat in her modest parlour, sealing a note to her dear friend, Mrs. West. It was a refusal of that good lady's invitation to Lillie, to come and breathe the fresh air of Mayfield for a week, after an unusually long confinement to her father's sick room. Mrs. West had promised that she would have no company, but Lillie herself, as their good friend, Mr. Darrell was ill, and she wished to be free to go and see him as often as she pleased. Lillie had refused, for several reasons. Mayfield had painful associations for her, her father would miss her, and—Lillie knew that she should need a new dress, before going to stay at Mrs. West's handsome house. Lillie's purse was low.

There is a ring at the street-bell, a quick treble voice at the door, light, hasty feet on the stairs, and Nannie Lester bounds into the room, and into her dear Lillie's arms.

"You darling little thing! I knew you were so lonely, and I came to spend the day with you, and see, here's a letter Susan gave me. The postman came to the door with me, and I said I'd bring you the letter. There, don't read it yet, put it on the chimney piece, it's a nasty, business-looking thing, and I've so much to say to you."

Lillie smiled and laid her letter aside.

"Now, dear, put off your hat, and take breath."

"You're laughing at me, but I can't help rattling, I'm not nice and quiet like you."

"Well, sit down and tell me the news. Forgotten your thimble? here is one."

"Now, we're quite comfortable. Well, I've such a piece of news for you, only don't look pale as you did that night of the theatricals at Mayfield."

"Nannie!"

"I don't mean to wound you, Lillie, but it's about George. Haidee Girdwood has jilted him, and I'm very glad; she is going to be married to a stranger, as rich as a Jew. Much good may her money do her; and that's not all for George has sailed a week ago for Cuba. He pretended to all his friends that it was business, but I know that he was ashamed to hold up his head. I'm glad to see you're not vexed about it, I was afraid you might be."

"Why should I, Nannie? I am not sorry that he has lost Haidee, because I think she would not have made him happy, I dare say he will be

more contented in a foreign country, where he may forget her. I morely take the same interest in George now, that I do in any ordinary friend."

"Well, I'm so glad of that, he's not worth fretting about, though I was very fond of him once, but since, he behaved so badly—"

"There, Nannie dear, that will do."

"I'm going to hold my tongue; and now you may read your letter."

Lillie took up the letter absently, there was a bitter rebellion going on within her, that she would not betray to Nannie, had the little visitor not been there, a flood of burning tears, which were no strangers to her eyes, would have greeted the news of George's disappointment and flight, but Nannie was there, and Lillie was quiet and calm. She broke the seal of her letter and read, then she dropped the paper on her knees, and gazed with tearful eyes through the window.

"What is the matter?" cried Nannie, in alarm.

"Mr. Darrell is dead!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

BAY LEAVES.

THERE is always a feeling of melancholy associated with the passing away of genius from the scenes which its presence has consecrated. The stronger our love and reverence for the endowments and character of the living being, and the greater our certainty that the accumulated legacies of beauty and wisdom which he has bequeathed to us will be immortal, the deeper our regret at his final departure from among us. We feel as if bereft of a great and good spirit, who had fixed his abode with us for a season, to make life brighter and happier; and who so charmed and beguiled us during his stay, that we forgot to count upon his eternal leave-taking. We know that the revelation which he has made during his sojourn will endure for ever; but we have never, in such cases, been able, adequately, to prepare ourselves for the moment when the inspirations which we looked for should cease, and the voice which entranced us be heard no more.

This was especially the case with respect to the death of William Wordsworth. The world was slow in arriving at a knowledge and appreciation of his worth. His qualities were of no showy order, either as a poet or as a man. He had, indeed, an instinctive aversion, deepening occasionally into painful antipathy, to glare and noise, even when it was exalted by the appellation of fame; and by temperament and meditation he was wholly unfitted for the wide jostlings of incessantly moving society. His plans of life were truly what he has himself described in one of the last of his published sonnets:

"Schemes of Retirement, sown
In Youth, and 'mid the busy world kept pure'
As when their earliest flowers of Hope were blown."

In this respect, he seems to have entered into life as a competitor for public regard, somewhat out of season. Scarcely had his youth ripened into manhood, ere the civilized world was roused to intense excitement by the startling events of the first French Revolution. A rapid succession of thrilling scenes filled the public mind to overflowing, and no time was left for reflection, or aught beyond what was passing before the dazzled eyes of the throng. The heart was stimulated to fervour, and the brain kept in a continual whirl of amazement and awe. Under such circumstances, the only literature which could hope for extensive popularity was that which ministered to the prevailing emotions, and appealed directly to the passions rather than to the understanding and judgment. Hence it occurred that Lord Byron was enabled to exclaim, with truth: "I awoke one morning and found myself famous;" and that the spirit-stirring melodies of Moore, and the chivalrous poetical romances of Sir Walter Scott, found wider acceptance, and more general admiration and applause, than the sober, philosophical, reflective poetry of Wordsworth, and the exquisite imaginative creations of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

The long obscurity in which Wordsworth remained, arose mainly from his inherent inaptitude to kindle in sympathy with meaner minds, amid the strife of conflict, and to elbow his way to distinction amid contending factions. Formed for the keen enjoyment of tranquillity, and being an ardent worshipper of the sublime forms of nature, he wisely deemed the sacrifice too great, which required the surrender of all his cherished thoughts and predilections, in order that he might reach the summit of contemporary fame—a mountain peak, which is not unfrequently discovered to be barren and desolate, and is always peculiarly liable to revolutionary invasion and change. He did not undervalue applause; but he deemed the acquisition of permanent approbation perfectly compatible with the maintenance of a dignified serenity of mind; and held the exercise of the intellect, in meditative composure, consistent with the full indulgence of the gentlest affections, and most genial humanities of our nature.

The restoration of more peaceful times, and of greater leisure for thoughtful examination, has confirmed the depth of the poets foreknowledge, and with it the genuineness of his poetical inspiration. He had the good fortune to live long enough to see the negligence and scorn of the generation in the midst of which he set out in life, compensated by a later race of men, with a reverence, which, in many instances, undoubtedly was scarcely inferior to worship; and the influence of his precepts and example upon the tone, temperament, and mental and moral aspirations of the present age, has been, perhaps, greater than that of any other man of letters, since the days of Pope. This influence may not have been at all times, or in all cases, beneficial. It has begotten a calm, and somewhat chilling, sameness in the style, if not in the substance of our poetry; and a subdued refinement of expression and feeling in our prose, which often diminish vital warmth, both of sentiment and imagination. But, although such faults of imitation were almost certain to be the immediate effects of excessive admiration, the esteem and love for Wordsworth, which have grown up, have produced the good result of sending our authors,

of almost all grades, back to the study and contemplation of nature and of our elder poets for their themes, method, and imagery, instead of permitting them to rest contented with the affectations of overwrought romancists, or with the foul conceits, threadbare allusions, and obsolete machinery of what is known as the "classical school," of which the last successful disciple was the estimable and honoured George Crabbe.

William Wordsworth was the son of a respectable and affluent attorney, settled in the thriving and picturesque borough of Cockermouth, in the county of Cumberland, where he was born on the 7th of April, 1770. Although, however, his father has been described, by those who knew him, as a shrewd and intelligent man, endowed with no inconsiderable share of literary taste, and characterized, above the wont of lawyers, with humanity and rigid integrity, it is said to have been from his mother that the poet derived his peculiar temperament and bias, his delicacy of feeling, and that timidity of disposition which prompted him through life to court seclusion. His sister inherited the same retiring coyness of mind and manners, but his brother Christopher displayed a more robust constitution, fitting him to struggle with the necessary vigour, against competitors for the wreath of honour, and the rewards of daring enterprise.

The fame of Wordsworth was slow to become current at Cockermouth, and, consequently, few anecdotes of his boyhood were preserved by his contemporaries there. All that seems to be known of him with certainty is, that he was shy and quiet, and fond of wandering about the walls, and climbing to the desolate towers and chambers of the ruined feudal castle which overhangs the river Cocker, and is associated with numerous legends of the Umfravilles, the Miltons, Lucies, Percies, and Nevilles, its ancient possessors.

At a proper age, William and his brother were sent to the free-grammar school of Hawkeshead, a romantic village among the mountains, placed at an angle formed by the three several lakes of Windermere, Conistone, and Esthwaite, to this place the bard has frequently alluded in his poetry, as :

"The ancient market village, where were passed
My school days ;"

and, alluding to the picturesque parish church, which occupies a rocky eminence immediately above the street, he says,

"The grassy churchyard hangs
Upon a slope, above the village school."

The school was at that time kept by a Mr. Bowman, whose reputation for learning and for the capacity to impart it attracted a large number of pupils to the locality ; several of whom subsequently distinguished themselves above the ordinary range of men, but were each and all eclipsed by the brothers Wordsworth. William at this time is said to have exhibited great application to and proficiency in study, a strong passion for poetry, and a degree of thought and reflection beyond his years. Even then he made verses as well as read them. Like Moore, he "lisp'd in numbers as the numbers came," and established a close ac-

quaintance with the great masters of ancient and modern song. Among other works, he obtained a perusal of the then recently published poems of Robert Burns, which he has himself told us first inspired his verse, and fixed his ardent attachment to simple nature, and to the unaffected but impressive lore of humble life. In 1787, William entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where, at the termination of his academical course, he took his degree, and shortly afterwards made a tour on foot, accompanied by a friend, through France, Switzerland, and Italy. On his return, he published a small volume, entitled "Descriptive Sketches in Verse" etc., which effusion was issued in the year 1793, when its author was twenty-three years old; and though it was tardy in attracting public attention, it did not fail to gain the notice and regard of a discerning few, who perceived in them the dawn of intellectual superiority.

At this time, Wordsworth was an ardent admirer of political liberty, and did not hesitate publicly to hail the French Revolution with enthusiasm, as the commencement of an era in which the human race was to be emancipated, mentally and bodily, from all the shackles of kingcraft, oppression, and tyranny, and in the fulness of his zeal for what he conceived to be the cause of freedom, he went over to Paris, but was soon scared and disgusted by the licentiousness and horrors of the "Reign of Terror," and returned home a wiser man, and less prone to confide in the promises of unrestrained democracy. This lesson, indeed, influenced the entire remainder of his life. And, from being a stern Republican, his opinions gradually changed to Toryism, and finally settled into views which differed but slightly, if at all, from those of the men who, in an earlier age, maintained with their lives and fortunes the doctrine of "Divine right and Kingly Irresponsibility."

Shortly after Wordsworth's return to England, he made a protracted tour of his own country, and eventually took a cottage, with the intention of settling down, at Alfreton, in Somersetshire, a beautiful valley, which, for a season, possessed for him charms scarcely surpassed in after-years by the fairy-like enchantments of his native dales, and lakes, and mountains, in Cumberland and Westmoreland. Coleridge was at this time residing in the neighbourhood, and an acquaintance soon sprung up between the young men, which ripened into a life-long friendship, and materially affected the subsequent intellectual life and literary labours of each. One result of this congenial intimacy was the publication, in 1798—a year so disastrous in the annals of Ireland—of a memorable volume of poems, entitled "Lyrical Ballads," of which Coleridge contributed a few, including the "Ancient Mariner," and Wordsworth supplied the remainder. This work was expressly designed as an experiment how far a simpler kind of poetry than that in use would afford permanent interest to readers of taste and judgment, "written in the language really used by men in ordinary life." The effort was met by nearly all the critics of the day with a chorus of ridicule; and Wordsworth himself was assailed as the hero of his own story of "The Idiot Boy." The tenderness, pathos, and deep thought which lay embedded in the simple and even rustic language adopted, was regarded as heighten-

ing the ludicrous effect of the presumptuous lays, and such passages were selected for denunciation or ridicule as:

"A primrose on the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Nor did the exquisite "Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Banks of the Wye," escape the imputation of silliness, affectation, and puerility, in which the poet has said, with the skill and profundity of a sage, as well as the grace of a minstrel:

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

In the midst of the storm of ribaldry, burlesque, and vituperation, with which this attempt to reform the realm of verse was pitilessly pursued from all quarters of the empire, Wordsworth started, in company with his sister, on a tour to Germany, where he was afterwards joined by Coleridge. The Germans appeared to have made but little impression on the mind or heart of the poet, whose philosophical theory, indeed and practice, of literary composition had already been fixed. His metaphysics belonged to an older and higher school than that of Goëthe, Schlegel, and Kant: deriving its canons from Bacon, Locke, and Hartley; while the fountain of his poetry was the same which has run pure and sparkling from the days of Chaucer, Shakspeare, Spenser, and Milton, to those of Goldsmith, Cowper, Campbell, and Rogers, and which will not cease to flow while poets such as Alfred Tennyson, now deservedly crowned with the "Bay Leaves"—he won them nobly, may he wear them long—and our own "Caviare," remain upon its brink.

Returning to England, Wordsworth abandoned the thought of settling in Somersetshire, as he had at once intended. When there he had discovered that there were strange stories current respecting him. His recluse habits, his solitary wanderings about the downs, and amid the woods and fields, had begot vague and fearful suspicions as to his character among the unsophisticated natives; and while some averred that he was merely wrong in the head, others declared that he was a necromancer, and held forbidden communings with preternatural visitants, as he rambled, muttering unintelligible things in a strange tongue, when no one appeared to be nigh; some others maintained that he was a French spy, bent on promoting the revolutionary invasion of England, then threatened; and a few of the more charitable contented themselves with deciding that he was only a smuggler. These rumours had drawn upon him a species of notice and surveillance, which, to say the least of it, was by no means pleasant, and

they probably contributed to hasten his departure for the continent. Instead, therefore, of resuming his abode at Alfreton, he retired to his native Cumberland, where, in the course of a few months he wooed and won a fair and amiable cousin, Miss Mary Hutchinson, of Penrith, with whom, on his marriage, in 1803, he received a handsome dowry, and whom he forthwith established in a pleasant and comfortable dwelling at the head of Grasmere Lake, in the most pastoral, picturesque, and magnificent of all the dales of Westmoreland. There, and at Rydal Mount, in what Mrs. Hemans has called "A lovely cottage-like building, almost hidden by a profusion of roses and ivy, which is situated within two or three miles of Grasmere," the poet continued to reside through life, with the exception of a few brief intervals of holiday pilgrimage bestowed upon the shrines of earlier genius in the west of England, the South, and in Scotland, during which he visited with youthful enthusiasm the "Land of Burns," and the poetical "Vale of Yarrow."

From the date of his final emigration to the lake district, therefore, Wordsworth's history is almost wholly a history of his various poems, which were published in slow succession. In 1807, he issued a second volume of "Lyrical Ballads." In 1814, he gave to the public his largest work, "The Excursion," which, notwithstanding its bulk, is but the fragment of a longer poem, intended to have been called "The Recluse." This work, though, as a connected narrative, devoid of sufficient human interest and incident to give it extensive popular acceptance, is full of choice, beautiful, and even sublime passages; and abounds, as indeed does all the poetry of Wordsworth, with lines and sentences, conveying so much of homely, every-day truth, and of deep, but universally applicable wisdom, that they have already proved their claim to the indestructible life and imperiousness of proverbs, and are rooted for ever in all hearts upon which they have fallen. In 1815 appeared the romantic poem of the "White Doe of Rylstone," founded on a singularly beautiful Yorkshire legend, and in the same year was put forth a second edition of the "Lyrical Ballads," prefaced with an essay, explaining and defending the system on which many of the writer's compositions had been constructed; a manly, eloquent, and convincing exposition of the aim, object, and art of true poetry; his reasonings and conclusion on which have been summed up, in a few lines, by his friend Mr. Henry Taylor, the author of "Phillip Van Artevelde," who says:—

"Poetry is Reason's self sublimed;
 'Tis Reason's sovereignty, whereunto
 All properties of sense, all dues of wit,
 All fancies, images, perceptions, passions,
 All intellectual ordinance grown up
 From accident, necessity, or custom,
 Seen to be good and after made authentic:
 All ordinance aforethought, that from science
 Doth prescience take, and from experience, law;
 All lights and institutes of digested knowledge;
 Gifts and endowments of intelligence,
 From sources living, from the dead bequests,—
 Subserve and minister."

"Peter Bell" and "The Waggoner" shortly afterwards followed; and from their quaint simplicity, and occasional grotesqueness of phraseology, added to the naked and undisguised rusticity of their subject matter, they seemed intended as a general challenge and defiance to the critics of the age, at once roused with active vociferation a babel of fierce excommunications and exorcisms, and gave birth to many reams of scornful satires, intended to extinguish the daring heretic who had abjured all the precedents of the established schools. The denounced poems have lived, notwithstanding, and are still healthy, and they promise to long outlive the recorded clamours of the witlings, who at that time deemed themselves entitled to look down with real or affected pity and contempt upon all genius which presumed to assert its original powers without the sanction of their rules.

Wordsworth subsequently produced "Sonnets on the River Duddon," "Ecclesiastical Sketches," and "Yarrow Revisited;" and in 1842 he published a volume of the poems of his early and late years, with a tragedy which had lain in his desk from the time of youth, and which exhibited a singular lack of dramatic power, combined with a tendency which, perhaps, was natural under the circumstances, to strain after melo-dramatic diction, situation, and scenic effects. In 1814, the patronage of the Earl of Lonsdale, to whom Wordsworth had dedicated some of his best effusions, and to whose predecessor in the titles and estates of the Lowther family his father had been law-agent, procured him the appointment of distributor of stamps for the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, with a salary of £300 per annum, and with duties so light as scarcely to interrupt him in the enjoyment and disposal of his leisure. This office he retained till 1842, when he resigned it in favour of his son. On thus transferring the duties and responsibilities of the post, the poet received from the government of Sir Robert Peel a pension, for his literary services to the nation, of £300 a year.

It should be remarked that during the entire period of his life, Wordsworth was blessed in a remarkable manner with the smiles of prosperity. De Quincey, the "English Opium Eater," who was long a neighbour of the poet, and dwelt on the margin of Grasmere, writing at the beginning of 1839, says: "It must rejoice every man who joins in the homage offered to Wordsworth's powers—and what man is to be found who, more or less, does not?—to hear, with respect to one so lavishly endowed by nature, that he has not been neglected by fortune, that he has never had the finer edge of his sensibilities dulled by the sad anxieties, the degrading fears, the miserable dependencies of debt; that he has been blessed with competency, even when poorest; has had hope and cheerful prospects in reversion, through every stage of his life; that at all times he has been liberated from reasonable anxieties about the final interests of his children; that at all times he has been blessed with leisure, the very amplest that ever man enjoyed, for intellectual pursuits the most delightful. Yes, that even for those delicate and coy pursuits, he has possessed, in combination, all the conditions for their most perfect culture; the leisure, the ease, the solitude, the society, the domestic peace, the local scenery. Paradise for his eye,

in Miltonic beauty, lying outside his windows ; Paradise for his heart, in the perpetual happiness of his own fireside ; and finally, when increasing years might be supposed to demand something more of modern luxuries, and expanding intercourse with society, in its most polished forms, something more of refined elegancies, that his means, still keeping pace in almost arithmetical ratio with his wants, had shed the graces of art upon the failing powers of nature, had stripped infirmity of discomfort, and, so far as the necessities of things will allow, had placed the final stages of life—by many compensations, by universal praise, by plaudits reverberated from senates, benedictions wherever his poems have penetrated, honour, troops of friends—in short, by all that miraculous prosperity can do to evade the primal decrees of nature, had placed the final stage on a level with the first."

The death of Southey occurred in March, 1843, and in the following month Wordsworth was appointed to succeed him as Poet Laureate ; an office in which the only call made upon his powers was an "Ode" on the installation of the late Prince Consort as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, on which occasion the Queen paid a visit of state to that venerable seat of learning. The ode was a failure, as poetical tasks usually are ; but, independent of its want of living inspiration, it betrayed the fact, that the poet's fire was in the embers, and that his earlier powers of imagination and expression were fast decaying. It was suggested on the poet's decease, that, partly because the office of "Laureate" is rather a ridiculous than an honourable distinction, and partly because there is small hope of maintaining so obsolete a character as court minstrel, permanently, by the reputation of a succession of holders so revered as Southey and Wordsworth, the post itself should henceforward be abolished, and the emoluments attached to it be conferred, by way of pension, for literary merit ; the hint, however, as the happy appointment of Alfred Tennyson to the vacant office shows, was not acted upon.

The health of the venerable Laureate, notwithstanding his advanced age and the gradual creeping upon him of some natural infirmities—impaired vision and a stooping gait—had been generally sound and vigorous till within a couple of years preceding his decease. His simple and temperate habits and manners, his moderate wants and frugal diet, his serenity of mind, regularity of life, and constant exercise on foot, in the pure and bracing air, which imparts a brighter green than elsewhere to the herbage of the northern dales and mountains, preserved him from the enervating influence of disease, and sustained the habitual cheerfulness of his spirit, and a youthful buoyancy of temperament within him, far beyond the ordinary term. His masculine frame, however, sustained a severe shock in 1849, on the death of his only daughter and favourite child, and from this prostration he was slow to recover. He seemed, nevertheless, to regain somewhat of his wonted elasticity until about Christmas of the same year, when it was apparent that his strength and faculties were failing, and his family were warned of his approaching end. The lamp of life flickered occasionally during the few months which followed, but it could not be replenished ; and on the 23rd of April, 1850, about noon, he tranquilly breathed his

last in the bosom of his devoted relatives and friends, at the home of his choice, and amid the glorious scenery which he has done so much to render famous throughout the civilized world. He had completed the eightieth year of his age on the seventh day of the month in which all that was mortal of him died. In person he was tall and muscular. He had a large and noble head, with a keen and penetrating eye, a countenance lighted with benevolence, and a forehead almost as expansive and majestic as that chiselled on the busts which purport to resemble Shakspeare. He was an eloquent talker, and somewhat loquacious, nor without an egotism of manner, which probably resulted from his usually reclusive separation from society. He was, however, eminently kind and tolerant, and was universally beloved by his neighbours, from the poorest peasant in the vale to the wealthiest and most distinguished of the lake residents.

His political character has been finely, and at the same time justly, drawn by Coleridge. "In Wordsworth," he says, "we find, first, an austere purity of language, both grammatically and logically; in short, a perfect appropriateness of the words to the meaning. Secondly, a correspondent weight and sanity of the sentiments, won not from books but from the poet's own meditations. They are fresh, and have the dew upon them. Even throughout his smaller poems, there is not one which is not rendered valuable by some just and original reflection. Thirdly, the sinewy strength and originality of single lines and paragraphs; the frequent *curiosa felicitas* of his diction. Fourthly, the perfect truth of nature in his images and descriptions, as taken immediately from nature, and proving a long and genial intimacy with the very spirit which gives a physiognomic expression to all the works of nature. Fifthly, a meditative pathos, a union of deep and subtle thought with sensibility; a sympathy with man as man; the sympathy, indeed, of a contemplator rather than a fellow-sufferer and co-mate; but of a contemplation from whose view no difference of rank conceals the sameness of the nature; no injuries of wind or weather, or toil, or even of ignorance, wholly disguise the human face divine. Last, and pre-eminently, I challenge for this poet the gift of imagination in the highest and strictest sense of the word. In the play of *fancy*, Wordsworth, to my feelings, is always graceful, and sometimes recondite. The *likeness* is occasionally too strange, or demands too peculiar a point of view, or is such as appears the creature of predetermined research rather than spontaneous presentation. Indeed, his fancy seldom displays itself as mere and unmodified fancy. But in imaginative power he stands nearest of all modern writers to Shakspeare and Milton, and yet in a mind perfectly unborrowed and his own. To employ his own words, which are at once an instance and an illustration, he does, indeed, to all thoughts and to all objects—

‘Add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream.’

THE FIRST DOCTORS.

PART II.

WE have already seen that the sacerdotal colleges amongst the heathen nations of antiquity were the only depositories of the collected knowledge acquired by a long experience. India shows to us its Magi, versed in the study of natural history and medicine. Egypt reveals its priests preserving carefully iatric, or healing formula, in the depths of its temples. In the early times of heroic Greece, it was the ministers of worship, or their initiated disciples, who perpetuated in their family the art of healing and working prodigies. The Scythians had also their thaumaturgists in Zamolxis and Abaris, and amongst the Celts there were still priests and Druids, who enjoyed the only celebrity in the profound sciences. We are not to imagine that those early practitioners were not valuable agents for the cure and management of disease. There is sufficient attestation in the records of the time that at Epidaurus, and other celebrated health resorts, such resources as were available, dangerous maladies were frequently cured.

There is no doubt that extraordinary success, considering the state in which medical science existed, followed the course of treatment adopted. From all parts of Greece, from remote Egypt, and sometimes even from distant India, the diseased, the worn-out, and debilitated, sought the opportunities of health afforded at those places. It was only the rich, however, to whom they were available. The expense—ever a distinguishing characteristic of such resorts—had as much deterrent influence upon the ancient people, who had a reverence for their celebrity, but were poor as to the same class is, borne by such haunts for health as Baden-Baden, Ems, Madeira, or Nice, to-day. But, beside the real value which was obtained in the natural or chemical resources of those life-giving localities, there was a fictitious stimulant afforded also by the wiles of the guardians of the temples of the heathen. The trade of these men, like their religion, was a traffic of falsehood. In order to increase the attractions of these resorts, they introduced instances of supernatural cures, which were carried out by clever pretenders. The learned Baronius, in his "Annals," quotes a Greek inscription, found at the temple of Esculapius, at Rome, which illustrates how far they carried deception for their own purposes. This inscription contains an account of various miraculous cures performed in public, and eminently calculated to impose upon the vulgar and deluded. It has been ascertained beyond a doubt by modern science what a vast influence is exercised by the mental upon the corporal functions; and, no doubt, this system of imposition had its advantages upon nervous or sensitive individuals; and there is no doubt that persons suffering under many forms of hypochondriac or hysterical diseases must have received benefit from the means thus adopted.

Those were the first doctors of the human race. They found disease, without a hindrance, exercising its terrible sway amongst men, and they

availed themselves of skill and observation to stay its scathing progress. It was a great task. Physic and chemistry only existed amongst the ancients in a state of empiricism, that is, as a fact afforded by chance or acquired by researches without theory. They were transmitted to the initiated, who, in their turn transmitted them to others. Democritus was the only man of antiquity who felt the necessity to experimentalize and to classify results. It was for want of system that the physico-chemical knowledge of the ancients has made no progress, and, for the most part, has been lost to time. A strange circumstance, however, must be noted in this state of things. Although possessing a degree of knowledge far beyond that generally current, the sacerdotal colleges of the heathens, consistent with the darkness and falsehood of their religion, did not spread their knowledge amidst the people. This course would have been the first work of any who would hasten civilization. On the contrary, they enveloped their operations in the shadows of mystery, in order to make men believe that they held communication with the divinity. They made use of a secret language known only to themselves, the character of which served them to write their formularies, or afforded them the details of the mode of preparing divers drugs and substances more or less active upon the human economy. It is in this species of magical pharmacopieæ shut carefully from the vulgar, that they recorded the receipts suitable to produce such or such an effect.

From the documents which ancient history furnishes us, the thaumaturgists ought to be very advanced in this portion of the art, and their means were numerous and varied. We shall have occasion to see that they employed not only drugs, simple and compound, but that they had recourse to perfumes, to odours, to music, and to strong moral impressions, to exercise influence upon the system of humanity. The only view we can obtain of them in this way is mingled with the shadows of fable; but yet it is a glimpse sufficient of the manner in which these first practitioners of the healing art used the knowledge which they attained. Purposes of hallucination seem to have been the great use made of drugs amongst them. The mysteries of Mithra, of Isis, of Samothrace, and of Eleusis, discover to us here and there, amongst the exaggerated descriptions of antiquity, the various secrets employed for the deception even of the initiated. One time it is *ambrosia* which exalts the spirit, another it is the draught of Lethe that bestowed forgetfulness; again, it is *nepenthe* which calms the most lively, and plunges whoso quaffed it into a state of happiness ineffable. Everywhere there are draughts, unctions, and baths, where we recognise without difficulty the action of stimulant and narcotic substances. Such is the action of the physical upon the mental organism, that in their union in the body, substances can act upon the latter through the former. Homer contains episodes of the power of the magic of Circe, which, explained by our modern knowledge, makes what seems a fable easily understood. The story of her metamorphosis of Calchus is one of those. The wily sorceress knew the secrets of stupifying drugs, and used them on the King of the Daunians. Troubled with his addresses, she asked him to a banquet. There she gave

him draughts of rich wine, and after a cup of this, drugged with some soporific, he fell into a state of imbecility, and Circe had him conveyed to a stable. The story goes that he was turned into an ox, but the truth is, that when a glimmer of understanding returned to the prince, beholding himself surrounded by oxen, swine, and sheep, his half stupified intellect lost its individuality, and he believed in his metamorphosis. When his intellect was about mastering the effects of the potion, and the vapours of stupidity began to be dissipated, she despatched him to his own kingdom. The metamorphosis of the companions of Ulysses is explained in the same manner. The herb Moly, a preparation of which was taken at the command of their chief, indicates antidote, which withdrew them from the stupid condition into which they were plunged.

X We find other instances in which drugs were used for a different purpose, and for the production of a different influence upon men. The dervishes of India drink a liquor known only to themselves, and arrive at that degree of exaltation which makes them despise all dangers, and brave the most atrocious pains. They precipitate themselves boldly upon lances, upon naked swords, cut off their own noses and ears, maim their bodies, and inflict ghastly wounds upon themselves without giving any signs of pain. The widows of Malabar drink a potion which the priests administer to them before going to the funeral pyre, where, according to the accursed rites of their religion, they must be sacrificed. When they have drunk this, they mount the pile, and seating themselves on the burning scaffold, they are devoured by the flames without making the least groan. In 1822, an English traveller ocularly witnessed one of those sacrifices, saw the victim of this barbarous custom arrive at the fatal scene in a state of complete physical insensibility, by reason of the violent effect of the drugs which they had made her swallow. He describes her eyes as being stupidly open. She answered mechanically to the legal questions which were addressed to her on the voluntary nature of her immolation, and when aided to mount the pile, she showed the symptoms of a complete narcotism. The Hebrew Chronicles detail the composition of a liquor which stupified the victims of their capital punishment. Apuleius relates the execution of a traitor, who, having been prepared for his immolation by a narcotic potion, was burned alive without making a single cry.

In such details we find the results of the first experience of the power of drugs, and we are afforded evidence of the uses to which they were put. Strange and unusual as it may seem to us were those appropriations, yet, to those practical experiments we are indebted for the foundation of medical science. The great bulk of men professing a knowledge of the influence of the products of certain plants, or certain minerals, upon the human economy, directed that knowledge only to charlatanism—tricks of trade—medical sleight-of-hand—and made no effort to follow out discovery, or to impel study to benefit humanity by its comparisons or experience. The consequence of this condition of things is to be understood in the state in which medicine is found practised in barbarous countries. In countries even not barbarous, but isolated,—in China, for instance—it exists at a very low

ebb. This is one of the greatest, most ancient, and civilized empires on the face of the earth. Two thousand years ago, when Europe was savage as Kaffirland, China was great, populous, and highly civilised, and yet, amongst the native physicians of that country, no such good medical aid can be had from them as a medical student of one year's standing in Europe would afford. Dr. Gillan, a Scotch physician, who was attached to the British embassy under Lord Macartney, declares that they knew neither the use of blood-letting, nor how to set a fractured bone. After the destruction of the Roman Empire, the study of medicine remained to be carried on by isolated effort, and it was in the middle ages at a very low ebb. Amongst the monastic communities alone had it any pretensions to science, to order, and to usefulness. Members of the orders of religion, preserving the remnant of literature saved from antiquity, had that enlightenment alone which could render the art of medicine, as then practised, of any value, and it was only as the Church emancipated the world from the iron rule of feudalism by the spread of learning, that the science grew. The dreams of the alchemists, however, who dabbled in the practice, had a very malign influence upon its progress. They followed out theories in which folly and daring were mingled, and reduced its elements once more to superstition. The practice of medicine now, under such circumstances, no longer deserved the name, encumbered with arcana, panaceas, wondrous elixirs, and the aggregation of all quackery. Curious it is to remember that the human race was ever so insensate, as to be deceived by such folly, or by such fraud, but for many an age it was so. Now, however, in civilized countries pretences of this kind, have fallen into the contempt they so richly deserve. The progress of this science, however, like those of every other, had its martyrs. The physician, in the barbarous times of early Europe, although he might attempt to save the lives of others, too often ran the risk of losing his own. The beautiful Austragilda, for instance, wife of Gunthram, King of Burgundy and Orleans, son of Clothaire, upon her death-bed, requested of her husband that the two physicians who had attended her during her last illness should be buried with her. She had believed that to their remedies ought to be attributed the loss of her life, and upon this account she demanded their immolation. Gunthram had the weakness to promise this sacrifice to her, and he had the weakness to keep his word. Though buried in the same sepulchre, and with the honours of royalty, might be esteemed an honour, yet it is quite certain those men did not appreciate their position as being very valuable.

It was after the growth of the universities of Europe, after the rise of Padua, Parma, Rome, and Paris, that medicine took the influence of progress, and in the hands of men of genius afforded some promise of its future fame and merit. With all his faults and absurdities, it owes a great deal to the celebrated Paracelsus. With him knowledge became a passion, somewhat misguided, and often erring. His life was passed in its pursuit, and very much of the impulse of his own vivid nature was communicated to those around him. The son of an apothecary, he was instructed in his art, and made the greatest progress in such chemistry as the age afforded. He visited the principal cities and universities of Europe. He consulted every

body—physicians, barbers, apothecaries, conjurors, and old women, eagerly adopting from every quarter whatever he thought useful to his practice. In the course of these wanderings he was taught, or fancied he was taught, the secret of the philosopher's stone. The ridiculous pursuit of the art of turning all things to gold has been, nevertheless, productive of golden advantages to mankind. At an era when little beside avarice was enabled to raise mankind to action, this infatuation paved the way to chemical experiment, to which we are indebted for discoveries and improvements in various arts, which tend to preserve human life and aid wonderfully to comfort and to pleasure it. His history was wild, impetuous, and stormy. Impelled by his ceaseless thirst for knowledge, he traversed the immense space of the Russian empire—a wonderful undertaking in those days, when the facilities of travel were rare and few. He descended into the mines scattered over its territory, and was taken prisoner by the Tartars. Amongst that people he became a favourite for his medical skill and vast knowledge, and having healed the Cham, or Prince of Tartary, of a severe disease, was loaded by him with presents, and travelled with his son to Constantinople, whence he returned to Europe. Here he restored Frobenius, the painter, to health, and gained a wonderful renown. At Basle he was appointed professor of physic, with a very considerable salary, but being unable to resist his propensity for wandering, he visited Italy, and returning again to Germany, died there at Saltzburg, in the forty-eighth year of his age. To him, in a great measure, was due the early progress of chemistry, and the impulse given to its study. This, of course, became in modern times one of the great sources of light in medical science. Until anatomy was practised as a science, medicine was only empiricism. Professions of physic existed early in all the seats of learning from Oxford to Milan; but a kind of horror surrounded the hidden attempts at anatomical study, which acted as a bar to the knowledge of the human construction, and to the discovery of the changes induced in it by disease consequently. The earliest law enacted in any country for the promotion of anatomical knowledge was an act passed in 1540, and yet remaining in honourable record upon the English statute book. It provides that the United Companies of Barbers and Surgeons should have the bodies of four criminals to dissect within every year, who shall either happen to be executed, or have died in prison. Before this time surgery had chiefly been exercised in France with any degree of success. But this act tended to raise the knowledge of the only confraternity amidst which the practice of surgery was carried on in those countries. Availing themselves of their privileges they passed a by-law, which fixed ten pounds fine upon any person who should dissect a body out of their hall without leave. The barber-surgeon, in those days, was known as the barber is now—by his pole. A humorous explanation of the cause of the party-pole assumed as a sign by those practitioners we find in the British Apollo, London, 1708 :

“In ancient Rome, when men loved fighting,
And wounds and scars took much delight in;
Man menders then had noble pay,
Which we call surgeons to this day.

'Twas ordered that a huge long pole—
With basin decked should grace the hole—
To guide the wounded who unlopt
Could walk, on stumps the other hop't ;
But when they ended all their wars,
And men grew out of love with scars ;
Their trade decaying, to keep swimming,
They joined the other trade of trimming,
And to their poles, to publish either,
Thus twisted both their trades together."

In Brand's "History of Newcastle" we find that there was a branch of the fraternity in that place, as at a meeting, in the year 1742, of the barber chirurgens, it was ordered that they should not shave on Sundays, and "that no brother should shave John Robinson until he pays what he owes Robert Shafto." Whilst this alliance held good, ignorance was the characteristic of the greater amount of the practitioners thus legalized. We find in the works of a contemporary author of the time, that, having been once cupped for a severe catarrh, by order of some physicians, by one of those barber-surgeons, the performer asked him "if he desired to be sacrificed?" "Sacrificed," exclaimed the patient; "did the physician tell you any such thing?" "No," said he; "but I have sacrificed many who have been the better for it." "Sir," said the astounded patient, "you must mistake yourself—you mean scarified?" "O, sir, by your leave," he retorted, "I have ever heard it called sacrificing, and as for scarifying I never heard it before." The relator of this instance of ignorant and unlettered surgery, declares that he could not convince the worthy practitioner that it was by no means his office to sacrifice men whatever he might do to save them.

It is strange that, after the progress of scientific medicine had asserted the truth and force of its doctrine, the last remnant of empirical quackery should have lingered in courts, and amongst princes. This circumstance, however, is the case, and perhaps is due to that purpose of flattery, which the servants of royalty always find useful. Scrofula, called in some of its forms the "the King's Evil," has been so denominated because of the belief that once prevailed, that the touch of the hand of the Monarch could render sound and healthy those who were afflicted with it. For centuries crowds of diseased persons flocked at certain periods of the year, to the palace of the kings and queens of England, to be touched for this malady. In the records of the court of London there is preserved a proclamation of Charles I., dated April 22, 1634, which appoints the time for this access to the royal physician, to be before the feast of All Souls. This document recites that: "Whereas, by the grace and blessing of Almighty God, the kings and queens of this realm for many ages past have had the happiness, by their sacred touch, to cure those who are afflicted with the disease, called the 'King's Evil;' and his now most excellent majesty, in no less measure than any of his royal progenitors, hath had blessed successes therein." The proclamation then goes on to assert his desire to continue in the same useful work, and fixes the time of approach for that purpose. In 1682, the king touched 8,357 persons, and Sir Thomas Browne remarks upon such a fact,

that, notwithstanding the number had been so great as to amount to a considerable portion of the whole nation, yet upon any new declaration of healing, they came again as fast as if none had applied before. "A thing as monstrous, as strange."

Notwithstanding this, it began to decline. Oliver Cromwell tried in vain to exercise the royal prerogative, and although the Lord Protector was very willing to bear the reputation of cure, after the fashion of princes, he did not succeed in getting a solitary believer in his efficacy. In 1684, we find that Thomas Rousewell was tried for treason, because he spoke with contempt of King Charles's pretensions to the cure of scrofula. Charles Bernard, a practitioner of medicine and surgery of highly scientific attainments made this touching the subject of raillery all his life time, until he was appointed the royal surgeon, when it turned out so good a perquisite, that he solved all difficulties by saying of it with a sneer: "Really one would not have thought it, if one had not seen it." Queen Anne was the last ruler of those kingdoms who followed this absurd practice, and as each of the patients received a small gold coin from the princess, she had no lack of patients. Shakspeare knew the traffic well, for in *Macbeth* he speaks of the process:

———"Strangely visited people,
All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he curses;
Hanging a golden stamp about their neck,
Put on with holy prayers."

Thus medicine, one of the most useful and noble of the sciences, absorbing as it does in part almost all the others, languished during long ages, and was used for their traffic by charlatans of all conditions. It was only in the seventeenth century, that it arose from the degradation with which it was surrounded. The recent progress of physic, of chemistry, and, above all, of pathological anatomy, have given to it a wonderful impulse, and the noblest geniuses of our time labour to bring it still further towards perfection. Honour to them, for they are bound to be numbered amongst the greatest benefactors of the human race.

From this condition of medical practice, however, the genius of a few men aided by the spread of knowledge, raised the sciences of medicine and surgery. Morgagni, in Italy, gave the first impulse to the study of pathological anatomy, and, by his researches into the existence of the dead body, for the cause and source of disease in the living, aided greatly towards the benefit that genius could confer upon the elevation and correctness of medical judgment. The discoveries of Harvey, too, due as they were to his training in the Italian schools, tended largely to this end. Italy contributed more than any other land to the progress of those sciences. Her universities attracted thither the best minds of every nation, and led them far on the path of enquiry. From them strayers carried into their own lands the method of observation—the spirit of research—and the results of both. Soon this diffusion of knowledge produced its effect. The seeds were sown afar from the land of Vesalius and Malpighi. Anatomy flourished—pathology pro-

gressed—chemistry began to trim its lamp and shed its light, and botany taught us the wisdom of field and forest, meadow and shore. From this time forward there was no more lagging in the path of medical advancement—the world grew out of quackery and pretence into science and fact, and the human race was the happier of the revolution.

FOREST LIFE.

O pleasant trees of the early Spring,
 O greenest splendours of fields and hills,
 When the low, snow winds flee whispering
 Through golden mosses and daffodils.
 And the bird's heart breaks into melody,
 As a blossom bursts through its purple sheath;
 And the grim, fantastic shadows slide
 Along the uplands of shining heath.
 Whisper to me, whisper to me,
 Till the sweet music floods mine ear,
 The holy breathings of plant and tree
 In the lights and glooms of the growing year!

I kiss the bark of the sycamore,
 As its branches murmur in dreams at noon—
 The gray trunk white by the river's shore
 Thro' all the changes of star and moon.
 I tap the beech, and cry—"Sweet, awake,
 O give us a leaf, for the sun is nigh;"
 And I wave my hands to the gorgeous pines
 That love the highest and deepest sky.
 Murmur to me, murmur to me,
 Sleeping sycamore, beech and pine,
 Your voice is the voice of a faded youth—
 The silver echoes of thoughts divine.

Then, with the March, when orchards take
 Confused pallours on every bough,
 And the willows whiten along the lake,
 And the furze flames rich on the quarry's brow;
 When hawthorn buds at prime unfold,
 And wavering, fainting, stirs the wheat;
 I pause in the dusk of the village croft,
 And hear my heart with their pulses beat.
 Sing unto me, sing unto me,
 Blowing blossoms and drooping corn,
 Around the rim of a solemn life
 Ye gird the freshness of youth and morn.

Summer comes soon, I see the prints
 Of my first love's feet in the alder woods,
 And a shining pathway is strewn in glints
 Across the hearts of the lilled floods :
 The ripple where her pure limbs have laved,
 Her dainty tread by the weeded pool !
 At times a cold white shoulder gleams,
 And slants a flash amid caverns cool.
 Come back to me, come back to me,
 Tender, beautiful nun-like Spring.
 Or tell the breezes where thou has flown,
 That my heart, O sweet, may take instant wing.

Tearful April floats down the earth,
 Amid the silent valley she waits ;
 Or leans on the ice crags near the north,
 And blows the sleet through the mountain gates ;
 Hide your blossoms, O passion flowers,
 Delicate jasmine clasp the eaves,
 Keep for the sun your chalice blooms,
 Keep for the rain your murmurous leaves ;
 And speak unto me, speak unto me,
 As by the casement standing nigh,
 The slow, vast, thunder-breasted cloud,
 Billows and blackens yonder sky.

Pleasant is May, when the trunks are brown,
 The walnut rustles, the damson's blue,
 The green plum crackles beneath the down,
 And its cheek is flushed with a blood-like hue ;
 Then by the brooks at eve I pace,
 In sweetest gossip with larch and lime,
 I fetch a jest for the knotty oak—
 A pleasant phrase for the grassy thyme.
 Chatter with me, chatter with me,
 Dear companions and friends, I say,
 The lamps, alight, and the volume's near,
 And I must seek them ere dies the day.

But most I love when the window air
 Is thick with the steam of the mignonette ;
 Or the poor geraniums, all blossom-bare,
 In crimson pots on the stone are set.
 The alien myrtle is cheerful-voiced,
 Vast-toned the reed of the mighty Nile,
 Even the trailing vines will turn
 Their purp'le lips to the glass and smile.

Smile unto me, smile unto me,
 O dainty vines and myrtles a-blow,
 I hear the cymbals, and dance once more,
 Thro' the shouting vineyards of Long Ago.

Happy is Autumn, when every gust
 Blazons the forests—the oak's a-fire;
 The ash looms gray thro' the rising dust,
 The broom is roaring within the byre.
 Through scarlet woods with the sun I go,
 The red leaves whirl on the branches high,
 And ever the trees amid pauses, moan
 With sleepy voices—Good-bye, good-bye.
 Fade not from me, fade not from me,
 O tender kindred; and then aloud
 The lightning kindles, along the bolt
 The thick rain leaps from the dripping cloud.

So range the seasons. To-night I sit,
 With lamp and cricket, beside the stove;
 Mysterious cries through the forest flit—
 I hear the voices of friends I love.
 Up hill and meadow in troops they gleam,
 Grimly and blind in their winter woe,
 Each with his heart in his grained trunk—
 Each in his coffin of crisped snow.
 Wake unto me, wake unto me,
 Verdurous dreamers; I tap your bark,
 The bird that flies in the front of Spring
 Has cheeped a note through the morning dark!
 CAVIARE.

PAST TIMES AND THEIR REPASTS.

In a recent number of the "Hibernian," we enjoyed, beneath the well-spread "Classic Mahogany," a pleasant *tête-à-tête* with our readers in regard to some of the delicacies with which the *chefs-de-cuisine* of antiquity were wont to titillate the epicurean and exacting palates of their royal and patrician masters. We have no doubt that a glance at the character of the repasts beneath which the mediæval mahogany groaned will be equally acceptable, especially since it will tend to illustrate the domestic manners of a people nearer home. As a critic of a modern "Cook's Guide" very truly remarks, in these days of real enlightenment it is quite superfluous to insist upon the desirableness of a good dinner. Even those who most repudiate the principle are very apt to give in their adhesion to the practice;

and we may probably take it for granted that there are very few to whom it is really a matter of indifference how they are to appease that wolf whose demands are so importunate at certain hours. Nor is the interest taken in the subject of exclusively modern date. We certainly are told that Agamemnon never inquired who dressed his fish, by which it is probably meant that the chieftain was careless how it was dressed; but the minute details which Homer gives of the art of cookery, show that he was far from being supine, though, as was, perhaps, inevitable in a campaign, the recipes which he gives are chiefly confined to broils. As civilization proceeded in Greece, cookery also advanced. Lycurgus, perhaps, gave the greatest proof of the esteem in which he held it, when as the severest punishment which he could devise for those who were blockheads enough to submit to his legislation, he invented that celebrated black broth which taxed the hard digestion of the Spartans for so many ages. Alcibiades and Lysander were both noted epicures; and a glimpse of the value of a good dinner was evidently arrived at by the old lady who appealed to Philip fasting, showing that she attributed the adverse decision which he had just pronounced, and the ill temper from which it proceeded, to the indigestion produced by the ill-cooked dinner which he had just eaten, which, indeed, was all that could be expected among his semi-civilised Macedonians. Among the Romans the noble art of cookery was held, as we have already learned, in still greater esteem. Lucullus, the conqueror of Mithridates, gave the best dinners in Europe; and it was not above a couple of generations later that Horace instructed the courtiers of Augustus what to eat, drink, and avoid, and gave a recipe for a salad in even better verse than Sidney Smith; while Apicius, no doubt thinking poetry too light a vehicle for advice on such an important subject, published a serious prose cookery-book, the excellency of which may, perhaps, be considered as established by the fact that it has been so entirely eaten up by the *blatte* and *tinea* that all our exertions have been unable to procure a copy. That great epicure, indeed, sealed his own adherence to the doctrines which he taught by his blood, falling on his sword when he found that, of all his fortune, there remained to him but £100,000—a sum, in his most epicurean calculation, not sufficient to provide him as many more good dinners as his natural term of life might have permitted him to enjoy. Let merited honour be paid to such noble devotion, but still greater is due to Vatel, the *chef-de-cuisine* of the great Condé, for a similar self-sacrifice. Apicius slew himself from a regard for his own dinner, but Vatel immolated himself because a turbot which had been ordered for his master's banquet had not arrived—feeling that, if his prince could survive the disappointment, he himself could not survive the shame of sending to table so incomplete a course. The mention of Vatel is leading us to more modern times, to which we must briefly advert, even at the risk of being taken to task for wandering from our immediate subject. In them it seems to have been some time before the divine art of cookery came to be properly appreciated in these countries. Chiffinch, indeed, prepared an exquisite banquet for Mr. Edward Christian; but, after he was removed from the scene, it

was upwards of a century before any well-authenticated banquet bequeathed its reputation to posterity; the feast of "The Haunch of Venison" was manifestly a *fête marquée*, so we will not dilate upon it; though what has been handed down to us concerning it shows plainly that Goldsmith was not wholly unacquainted with the art of dinner-giving. But the great connoisseur of that age we take to have been Dr. Johnson. At all events, he was the person who first drew the distinction between a dinner that was good enough for a man to eat *en famille*, and one that was fit to ask a stranger to. So, too, in late years, our greatest geniuses have been our most scientific gourmands. We have it on the authority of dear Charles Lamb that to the Chinese, that ingenious nation to whom we owe the invention of gunpowder, (at the present day we opine that they devoutly wish they could have kept us in the dark with respect to it,) printing, and the mariners' compass, we are also indebted for that still more exquisite discovery of roasting pig; and the enthusiasm with which the historian of that great effort of ingenuity records the steps by which it was arrived at, plainly betrays his conviction that his own genius, if properly trained, might have enabled him, too, to write a cookery book. Even greater souls have developed a similar capacity. The author of "Waverley" drew so moving a picture of the soup with which Mrs. Margaret revived the exhausted vigour of the learned Mr. Sampson, that the great M. Florence borrowed from "Guy Mannering" the idea of a pottage *à la* Mag Merrilies de Derncleugh, which still smokes oftentimes on the hospitable board of Dalkeith Palace; and Mr. Ingoldsby, who, no doubt, figured some of his own jovial qualities in the hospitable abbot, shows an appreciation, not only of cookery, but in the equally recondite mystery of carving, when he relates how that hospitable cleric,

"Helped his guest to a bit of the breast,
And sent the drumsticks down to be grilled."

The cookery, however celebrated by these great writers, is couched in too imaginative a phrase to be of service to the preparers of our own dinners. But we have not failed to produce books of instruction in this most important of arts, in language suited to the meanest comprehension, to wit, plain prose. The Tiphys who first guided his or her bark over this unknown sea, we believe to have been Mrs. Glasse, whose cautious avoidance of all rules that by any possibility might prove impracticable, is seen in her familiar directions how to make hare soup—"first catch your hare." Very hard would it be to cut him up and put him in the saucepan, if one had not caught him; and, accordingly, this simple injunction may be safely taken as a proof that none of her instructions are beyond the reach of honest industry to execute. Then came Mrs. Rundell, Miss Acton, and, greatest of all, that most appropriately-named instructor, Dr. Kitchener, whose guests having "come at seven," must, if they had eaten and drank half the good things he was wont to set before them, have been fully prepared to "go it at eleven." But if we go pondering along at this rate we shall forget, in the mysteries of the modern *cuisine*, those quaint repasts of the past which we had intended should form the theme of our sketch.

There is, says an acute observer, a part of the human frame, not very noble in itself, which, nevertheless, many people are said to worship, and which has even evinced at times, a considerable influence over man's destinies. Gastrolatry, indeed, is a worship which, at one time or other, has prevailed in different forms over all parts of the world—its history takes an extensive range, and is not altogether without interest. One of the first objects of search in a man who has just risen from savage life to civilization is rather naturally refinement in his food, and this desire more than keeps pace with the advance of general refinement, until cookery becomes one of the most important of social institutions. During all periods of which we read in history, great public acts, of whatever kind, even to the consecration of a sacred edifice, have been accompanied with feasting; and the same rule holds throughout all the different phases of our social relations.

William of Malmesbury, who wrote in the middle of the twelfth century, and, by the way, considering his nationality, with strong Norman feelings, informs us that the Anglo-Saxons were accustomed to indulge in Barmecide's feasts, if we may so term them, since these repasts were on a scale of the greatest magnificence, whereas the sites of their revels were mere hovels. The Normans reversed the tables, for we are informed that they sacrificed science to gastronomy; in other words, they preferred a substantial mansion to a substantial repast. Various allusions in their chroniclers leave little room for doubt that their indulgence consisted more in the quantity than in the quality of the food, for their cookery seems to have been, in general, what we call "plain." Refinement in cookery appears to have come in with the Normans; and, from the twelfth century to the sixteenth, we can trace the love of the table continually increasing. Although, however, we have abundant evidence that the Anglo-Normans loved the table, we have but imperfect information on the character of their cookery until the latter half of the fourteenth century, when the rules and receipts for cooking appear to have been very generally committed to writing, and a considerable number of cookery-books belonging to this period and to the following century remain in manuscript, forming very curious records of the domestic life of the period. Those books sometimes contain plans for dinners of different descriptions, or, as we should now say, bills of fare, which enable us, by comparing the names of the dishes with the receipts for making them, to form a tolerably distinct notion of the manner in which folks fared at table from four to five hundred years ago. An *apropos* example is furnished by a manuscript of the beginning of the fifteenth century, and belongs to the latter part of the century preceding—that is, to the reign of Richard II., a period remarkable for the fashion of luxurious living. It gives us the following bill of fare for the ordinary table of a gentleman. We modernize the language, except in the case of obsolete words:—"First Course—Boar's-head enarmed (larded), and 'bruce,' for Pottage; Beef, Mutton, Pestels (legs) of Pork, Swan, Roasted Rabbit, Tart. Second Course—Drope and rose, for Pottage; Mallard, Pheasant, Chickens, 'farsed' and roasted; 'Malachis,' baked. Third Course—Conings (rabbits) in gravy, and hare, in 'brase,' for Pot-

tage; Teals, roasted, Woodcocks, Snipes, 'Raffyolys,' baked, 'Flam-poyntes.'" It may be well to make the general remark, that the ordinary number of courses at dinner was three. To begin, then, with the first dish. Boar's-head was a favourite dish at table, and needs no explanation. The pottage which succeeds, under the name of *bruce*, was made as follows, according to a receipt in the same cookery-book which has furnished the bill of fare:—"Take the umbles of a swine, and parboil them (boil them slowly), and cut them small, and put them in a pot, with some good broth; then take the whites of leeks, and slit them and cut them small, and put them in, with minced onions, and let it all boil; next take bread steeped in broth, and 'draw it up' with blood and vinegar, and put it into a pot, with pepper and cloves, and let it boil; and serve all this together."

In the second course, *drope* is probably an error for *drore*, a pottage, which, according to the same cookery-book, was made as follows:—"Take almonds, and blanch and grind them, and mix them with good meat broth, and seethe this in a pot; then mince onions, and fry them in fresh 'grease,' and put them to the almonds; take small birds, and parboil them, and throw them into the pottage, with cinnamon and cloves, and a little 'fine grease,' and boil the whole." *Rose* was thus made:—"Take powdered rue, and boil it in almond-milk till it be thick, and take the brawn of capons and hens, beat it in a mortar, and mix it with the preceding, and put the whole into a pot, with powdered cinnamon and cloves, and whole mace, and colour it with saunders (sandal-wood)." It may be necessary to explain that almond-milk consisted simply of almonds mixed with milk or broth. The farsure, or stuffing, for chickens was made as follows:—"Take fresh pork, seethe it, chop it small, and grind it well; put to it hard yokes of eggs, well mixed together, with dried currants, powder of cinnamon, and maces, cubebs, and cloves whole, and wash it." We are unable to explain the meaning of *malachis*, the dish which concludes this course.

The first dish in the third course—conceys, or rabbits, in gravy,—was made thus:—"Take rabbits, and parboil them, and chop them in 'gob-bets,' and seethe them in a pot with good broth; then grind almonds, dress them up in beef broth, and boil this in a pot; and, after passing it through a strainer, put it to the rabbits, adding both whole cloves, maces, pines, and sugar; colour it with sandal-wood, saffron, bastard or other wine, and cinnamon powder, mixed together, and add a little vinegar." Not less complicated was the boar in *brasé*, or *brasey*:—"Take the ribs of a boar, while they are fresh, and parboil them till they are half boiled; then roast them, and, when they are roasted, dress them, and put them in a pot with good fresh beef broth and wine, and add cloves, maces, pines, currants, and powdered pepper; then put chopped onions in a pan, with fresh grease, fry them first and then boil them: next, take bread, steeped in broth, 'draw it up' and put it to the onions, and colour it with sandal-wood and saffron, and as it settles put a little vinegar mixed with powdered cinnamon to it; then take brawn, and cut it into slices two inches long, and throw into the

pot with the foregoing, and serve it all up together." "Raffyolys" were a sort of patties, while "Flampoyntes" were made of "interlarded pork," baked. Such was a tolerably respectable dinner at the end of the fourteenth century.

X The process of serving a peacock "with the skin," a prevalent custom at the higher repasts of the period, requires some explanation. The skin was first stripped off, with the feathers, tail, and neck and head, and it was spread on a table and strewed with ground cinnamon; then the peacock was taken and roasted, and "endored" with raw yolks of eggs, and when roasted, and after it had been allowed to cool a little, it was sewn into the skin, and thus served on the table, always with the last course, when it looked as though the bird were alive.

In these bills of fare, such of our readers who believe in the prevalence of "old English roast beef," will find that belief singularly dissipated, since, in its stead, we find all sorts of elaborately made dishes, in which immense quantities of spices of all sorts were employed, indulged in. The number of receipts in these early cookery-books is wonderfully great; and it is evident that people sought variety almost above all other things. Among the Sloane Manuscripts, in the library of the British Museum, there is a very complete guide to the management of the *cuisine* belonging to the latter part of the fifteenth century, which gives seven bills of fare of seven dinners, each to differ entirely in the dishes composing it during seven consecutive days. In the foregoing bills of fare we have seen that on flesh-days no fish was introduced on the table, but fish is introduced along with flesh in the seven dinners just alluded to, which are, moreover, curious for the number of articles, chiefly birds, introduced in them, and many of which we are not now accustomed to eat. Among the birds, we find the name of the swan, pheasant, bittern, partridge, and lark. Indeed, the "dainty living" of the past was not, as we learn from the old chroniclers, exactly what would be acceptable to the *habitués* of Morrison's or Jude's. The whale was eaten by the Saxons, and, when men were fortunate enough to secure it, was held in high esteem as a table delicacy as late as the fifteenth century. In the year 1245, Henry III. directed the sheriff of London to purchase one hundred pieces of whale for his especial delectation. Whales, we may add, when found on the coast, were the perquisites of the sovereign, and were sent to the royal kitchen in carts. The sea-wolf was highly approved of; but, of all the blubber dainties, the porpoise, or sea-hog, as the Saxons called it, was deemed the most savoury. We find that, in 1246, they were purchased for the table of the monarch whom we have just mentioned as being so partial to cetacean tit-bits. At the marriage of Henry V., the guests were regaled with "roasted porpes," and it is also mentioned in the first course at the coronation of Henry VII.; nor did it cease to be esteemed as food until the close of the sixteenth century. It was on the table of Henry VIII., and even Queen Elizabeth, who was rather choice in her appetite, did not disdain to include it in the *carte* of her Friday's dinner. "Porpoys rost" figures largely in the cookery-books

to which we have adverted; and appears to have been sold as food in the markets of Newcastle as late as 1575, from which time it seems to have lost its repute.

At the period of which we write it was considered more absolutely necessary than at an earlier period, that each course at table should be accompanied with a "subtily," or ornamental device in pastry, representing groups of various descriptions, as a black boar and a castle, etc. Hedgehogs were frequently served at table. In the "*Ménagier de Paris*," a French compilation, made in the year 1393, a hedgehog is directed to have its throat cut, and to be skinned and eviscerated, and then to be arranged as a chicken, and pressed and well-dried in a towel; after this it was to be roasted and eaten with "cameline," a word the exact meaning of which seems not to be known; or in pastry, with duckling sauce. Squirrels were to be treated as rabbits. The same book gives directions for cooking magpies, rooks, and jackdaws. The second of the seven bills of fare, given in the Sloane Manuscript, contains turtles (the bird), and throstles roasted; in the third we have roasted egrets, (a species of heron), starlings, and linnets; in the fourth, "martinettes;" in the fifth, barnacles, "molette," sparrows, and, among fishes, minnows; and in the sixth, roasted cormorants, heathcocks, sheldrakes, dotterels, and thrushes. The seventh bill of fare comprises wild geese, wood doves, "mallards of the rivere," "cotes," quails, and goldfinches, in addition to shoulders of mutton, quarters of lamb, lamprey, cod, eel, and bream, with "long wortes" (vegetables), and "pynnonade," a confection of almonds and pines.

The fifteenth century, especially, was celebrated for its great feasts, at which the consumption of provisions was enormous. The bills of expenses of some of them have been preserved. In the sixth year of the reign of Edward the IV., (A.D. 1466), George Neville was made Archbishop of York, and the account of the expenditure for the feast on that occasion contains the following articles:—Three hundred quarters of wheat, three hundred tuns of ale, one hundred tuns of wine, one pint of hypocras, a hundred and four oxen, six wild bulls, a thousand sheep, three hundred and four calves, the same number of swine, four hundred swans, two thousand geese, a thousand capons, two thousand pigs, four hundred plovers, a hundred dozen of quails, two hundred dozen of the birds called "rees," a hundred and four peacocks, four thousand mallards and teals, two hundred and four cranes, two hundred and four kids, two thousand chickens, four thousand pigeons, four thousand crays, two hundred and four bitterns, four hundred herons, two hundred pheasants, five hundred partridges, four hundred woodcocks, one hundred curlews, a thousand egrettes, more than five hundred stags, bucks, and roes, four thousand cold venison pasties, a thousand cold "parted" dishes of jelly, three thousand plain dishes of same, four thousand cold baked tarts, fifteen hundred hot venison pasties, two thousand hot custards, six hundred and eight pikes and breams, twelve porpoises and seals, with a proportionate quantity of spices, sugared delicacies, and wafers or cakes. On the enthronation of William Warham, as Arch-bishop of Canterbury, in 1504, the twentieth year of the reign of Henry VII.,

a feast was given, for which the following provisions were purchased. Fifty-four quarters of wheat, twenty shillings' worth of fine flour for making wafers, six tuns or pipes of red wine, four of claret, one of choice white wine, and one of inferior quality for the kitchen, one butt of malmsey, one pipe of wine of Osey, two tierces of Rhenish wine, four tuns of London ales, six of Kentish ale, and twenty of English beer, thirty-three pounds' worth of spices, three hundred lings, six hundred codfish, seven barrels of salted salmon, forty fresh salmon, fourteen barrels of white herring, twenty cades of red herrings, (each cade containing six hundred herrings, which would make a total of twelve thousand,) five barrels of salted sturgeons, two barrels of salted eels, six hundred fresh eels, eight thousand whelks, five hundred pikes, four hundred tenches, a hundred carps, eight hundred breams, two barrels of salted lampreys, eighty fresh lampreys, fourteen hundred fresh lamperns, a hundred and twenty-four salted congers, two hundred great roaches, a quantity of seals and porpoises, with a considerable quantity of other fish, which proves at once, that this feast took place on a fish day. How the votaries of the "Classic Mahogany" would have stared, had their host placed before them a repast, so luxurious, profuse, and uncommon as this! This habit of living, however, gradually declined, during the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth century, and was finally extinguished in the great convulsion which led to the establishment of the Commonwealth.

THE TWO SICILIES IN 1862.*

[FIRST NOTICE.]

MEN have not yet arrived at positive conclusions with respect to the twofold character of the Italian Revolution. A movement which, though not unexpected, set all precedents at defiance, and established standards of action and morality for itself, was sure to provoke contradictions, and place honest consciences in opposition for a time. It cannot be judged by the ordinary laws which stimulated rebellion in other states, because it was neither indigenous nor spontaneous. France developed her own revolutions, but the operation of their influences on her neighbours did not begin until the axe had decimated the aristocracy, and the omnipotence of the public will was all but consolidated. The American Revolution took a different course. It was a strictly national movement. It fought for the popular liberties and ended in a republic, which, for wealth and magnitude, had no rival in the world's history. Different from the two in nature, in aim, and result, was the late revolution in the Two Sicilies. It did not begin with the populations with whom it pretended to sympathise;

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it was not accomplished by the people, who, it is alleged, were profoundly interested in its success; and, worse than either, it did not end by benefiting them.

To understand why that revolution obtained its ends, it is necessary to be acquainted with the conditions under which it was made. The public ideas respecting it are radically wrong. It is supposed that an adventurer, with a troop of vagabonds at his heels, descended on the coast, beat the royal troops, raised the population, obliged the king to fly from Naples, and then invited Victor Emmanuel to take possession of the conquered kingdom. If this be history, we should like to know to what extent it differs from barefaced falsehood. The reasons for which the friends of Piedmont persist in representing the process of the revolution thus are hypocritical and transparent. To justify the invasion, and the spoliation it involved, the necessity for both must be made manifest. If the Sicilian populations were not sick of the monarchy, and yearning for change, would it not have been impossible for Garibaldi and his followers to have overthrown one of the oldest constitutions of Europe? If the people were attached to the throne, and the army true to its traditions, what fate must have befallen the daring adventurer who delivered one and defeated the other? The answers to both questions are plain and obvious. The king was the victim of circumstances; the people were ignorant what to do; the army was corrupted with Sardinian gold; the loyalty of the public ministers was debauched; and Garibaldi triumphed.

Let us begin at the beginning, and see how a state, which so easily fell a prey to a few disturbing influences, was fortified by its own strength and the guarantees of European faith. The monarchy was the traditional ally of England. We do not believe the fact pleads in its favour, but we accept it for what it is worth. The King of Naples, at the close of the last century, was forced into exile because of his adherence to that country, which so recently spat in the face of his descendant. The Neapolitan troops fought side by side with the English, and against the French, in Spain, for which service Naples alone, of all the European states which contributed to the downfall of French supremacy, received no compensation. On the contrary, it was a loser by its fidelity, whilst all the European monarchies were enriched by the new organization sanctioned by the Congress of Vienna. Whilst Sweden, and even that political mendicant, Piedmont, got a share of the booty, Naples was deprived of Elba and the *presidi* of Tuscany. That lesson of vile ingratitude towards a people who, with their king, had suffered ten years of calamity to bulwark the supposed public liberties of Europe, ought to have been remembered; but its moral was generously discarded. English influence was predominant at Naples up to the day which saw Francis II. desert his capital rather than have it stained with the blood of his subjects. The measure of free trade which the young king, in the plenitude of his power, made public law a short time after his accession, was a fresh concession to English interests. English representative institutions engaged his attention; but, when he re-proclaimed a free parliament, his liberal intentions were sought to be thwarted

by English counsels. Lord John Russell, the worst villifier of the unfortunate king and his government, wrote thus to the former on the eve of Garibaldi's expedition,—“It may not be necessary or desirable to introduce at this time a representative constitution in the kingdom of Naples. The people may be too ignorant to appreciate its benefits.” Notwithstanding this advice, the king re-established the constitution of 1848. He went further. The police system, which was the scandal of Naples under the reign of his father, was modified, and the press was emancipated from the restrictions which hampered its action and neutralized its influence. No king had reason to feel his crown safer than Francis II. It was guaranteed by the Congress of Vienna—it had indisputable pretensions; but when the conflict came the guarantees were forgotten—the rights cast aside. England raised a voice of jubilee when the red-shirts precipitated themselves on the king's territory, and cheered them on in that career of violence which ended in the desecration of the churches of Naples and the banishment of the Society of Jesus. Sensitive minds were moved by the spectacle of a nation, with a nationality to pride in and a faith to preserve, overrun by the offscourings of the cities of North Italy. But the revolution went forward. A handful of scoundrels became a legion of terror in the heart of a brave population. The king's troops suffered defeat after defeat, and suddenly Garibaldi assumed the startling title of “Dictator of the King of Sardinia.” This is merely the popular view of the affair—we shall see that it is utterly fallacious.

The mine which Garibaldi sprang had been laid long before his arrival. His was only the hand which carried the blazing faggot to the pile on which the liberties of Naples and the rights of the monarchy were sacrificed to an Utopian longing after Italian unity. With 1849 began the organization of the secret societies, which, regulated from Piedmont, inter-netted the entire southern peninsula. Their object was, firstly, the diffusion of principles subversive of all social order; and, secondly, the destruction of the Bourbon dynasty. It would be idle to suppose that the Neapolitan government was ignorant of their existence. It felt the ground shake beneath its feet, but was utterly powerless to control the convulsion. Now and then some ramification of the vast conspiracy was accidentally laid bare, and occasionally a few agents were captured and punished; but the system had taken deep root, and could be eradicated only by a visitation which would have violated the sanctity of nearly every household in the king's dominions. Neither were the king and his ministers ignorant that these societies enjoyed the secret support of the Turinese government. That carrion-gorger was already discontented with its own share of Italian territory, and had set greedy eyes on the fair kingdoms of the south. Still the relations between the two governments continued friendly, and no visible portent indicated the hatred of the one or the apprehensions of the other. Although Piedmont openly countenanced the pretensions of Murat to the throne of Naples, in 1856, she did not, on that account, hesitate to make offers of alliance to the King's government on the eve of the war with Austria. To accept such a proposal would have been unworthy of

Naples. Politically, it would have deprived her of the friendship of Austria, and isolated her more than ever in the Peninsula; morally, it would have led to the infraction of treaties, which Naples was bound in conscience and honour to uphold. The proposed league was virtually repudiated by the king, who was at once accused of being an enemy to Italian independence. How this lie, which had not even the colour of probability to give it weight, was propagated by the Turinese press, and endorsed by the public opinion of England; how the king was reviled and his intentions misrepresented; and how the reasons of his refusal were suppressed, are convincing evidences of the depravity of human nature on one hand, and the credulity of the British mind on the other. Besides, the event gave renewed hope to the party of action, as the unconscionable criminals who plot against the peace of Europe, are finely designated. The secret societies went to work with fresh vigour. Their funds were replenished from the treasury of Piedmont, which all the time professed friendly intention towards Naples. The French infidel organs were subsidized—the *Times* was loud in its reproaches; and, in every European state where the conspirators dared to raise a voice, Naples was the object of the wildest execration. Nor was this all. Piedmont succeeded in corrupting the Swiss legion, which was the nucleus of the Neapolitan army. The soldiery mutinied, had to be disarmed, and finally disbanded. It was notorious that this piece of treachery was effected through the Sardinian Consulate, as the papers and money found upon the insurgents clearly testified. With this misfortune for a precedent, the demoralization of the native troops was a matter of small difficulty. The men were irritated against the king by falsehoods worthy of their concoctors; and were dazzled by the delusive hopes which their corrupters held out to them. Not that the demoralization was universal, as the fidelity of the troops clearly proved when their loyalty was subsequently tested; but, to their eternal disgrace, the men who least resisted the seductions of Piedmont, were the chiefs and generals of that army whose banners were consecrated in battles fought often with desperate odds, against the power that attempted to reduce Europe to one consolidated despotism. A few of them, indeed, preserved their fidelity, preferring death, or exile with their king, to the prostitution of their honour. But the greater number were readily seduced, and laid down their swords and consciences at the feet of Piedmont, if they did not turn them against their country.

Meanwhile, the revolution was arming itself for the struggle, and Genoa was the rallying point of the conspiracy. Its movements were conducted with the entire sanction and assistance of Sardinia. The European powers,—including England,—hastened to warn Francis II. of the plot; “but the government,” says the Marquis Ulloa, “conscious of right, and confident in its strength, considered it most prudent to refrain from any display of apprehension.” Too soon it had reason to regret the passive attitude which it imprudently assumed, in the presence of a danger so menacing and terrible. Sardinian ships cast anchor before Palermo, where the revolution had shown its head, on the 4th of April, and the crews en-

couraged the insurgents to persist in the rebellion. From Palermo the ships sailed to the southern coast of Sicily, fanning the flame into a blaze wherever they touched. Scarcely had they disappeared, when Garibaldi entered on the actual work of the revolution. It opened with a farce—the affected seizure by force of the steam-ships lying in the harbour of Genoa. The vessels sailed for Sicily, having on board the *Times* correspondent. That worthy has chronicled for us all the details of the voyage worth knowing, the disembarkation, and the singularly fortunate presence of that English ship, which, lying between the fort and the Garibaldians, prevented the former from sinking the adventurers. The Neapolitan government demanded explanations of the proceeding from the Turinese cabinet, who lost no time in disowning Garibaldi, and promising that Sardinian ships should be sent to overtake him. The ships, indeed, sailed, but Garibaldi landed, and day after day his forces were recruited by fresh expeditions from the ports of Genoa, Tuscany, and Sardinia. Cavour has gone to his account; and we have too much respect for the old proverb, which claims exemption from reproach for the dead, to put another blot on his very questionable reputation. But what will be thought of the minister who, conscious of all Garibaldi's proceedings from the first moment to the last—who was the instigator and machinist of the whole plot, had the shameless audacity to write thus to the Chevalier Canofari, on the 26th of May, 1860?—"The undersigned [Cavour] has received the note of the 24th instant, by which the Chevalier Canofari, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of his Sicilian Majesty, has informed him that, in the proclamation circulated by General Garibaldi in Sicily, he assumes the title of Dictator of the King of Sardinia, and calls on this fact the disapprobation and repudiation of the government of his Majesty the king. Although there could not be any doubt on this subject, the undersigned, *by order of his Majesty*, does not hesitate to declare that the government of the King is totally unconnected with any act of General Garibaldi, that the title assumed by him is entirely usurped, and the government of his Majesty cannot but formally disapprove it." Count Cavour wrote this, knowing he lied; and, not content with having dishonoured himself, he ventured to compromise the honour—if, indeed, such a quality existed—of his good-for-nothing accomplice, Victor Emmanuel. What posterity thinks of the one, we know sufficiently; what posterity will think of the royal gentleman who countenanced this gross falsehood, by which a piece of treachery was devised deliberately against an inoffensive ally, we shall leave and conjecture to the biographer of the king.

We pass over, because they are too well known, the terrible incidents of the campaign, if, indeed, an invasion conducted upon no principle, and trampling under foot every feeling of humanity, every rule of legitimate warfare, be worthy that name. It is disheartening to read how the army was betrayed by its chiefs, by whom they had been sold to the enemy long before they encountered him; of large bodies of troops being obliged to capitulate without a trial of strength, at the beck of subsidized scoundrels. The men did fight at all hazards, even the absence of

leadership; frequently turned upon the officers who had disgraced the king's uniform, and shot them down. Such a state of things could not last long—the revolution was hastening to its consummation. Francis II. abandoned Naples, leaving behind all the resources of government, including the public chest. The garrison that remained received instructions to offer no resistance, the king unwilling that the capital should be exposed to the bloody consequences of a siege. When Garibaldi entered it in an open carriage he met with no opposition. The people—that is to say, the Sardinian agents,—mixed with the populace, and howled welcomes in his ears. The garrison looked on, but the guns of St. Elmo were silent. Behind the Volturno the king was making desperate efforts to reorganize his forces; and there is no doubt that, but for the interference of Sardinia, which at last dropped the mask and revealed the treachery it covered, the royal troops would have reconquered the capital, and swept every Garibaldian from the peninsula. Piedmont, at this juncture, was carrying sword and fire through the States of the Church. The handful of brave men which the Papal government could oppose to the invaders were mismanaged, and beaten in detail. Ancona had fallen, and Victor Emmanuel dated proclamations from its chief palace—one (9th October, 1860,) confessing that his government had endorsed the invasion of Naples, in order to help the Italians fighting for redemption. Further, he affirmed that he was called, by the unanimous voice of the Neapolitans, to go and deliver them, and go he would. The Neapolitans by whom he was invited were a dozen representatives, appointed by the dictator to speak in the name of the people. The value of this appeal is unmistakable—it was an interlude played between two very heavy tragedies, every act of which ended with a redder catastrophe than the former. On the 18th October, the Piedmontese, flushed with victory, and hungry for plunder, entered the king's territory. Cialdini has published a description of the position to which Garibaldi was reduced when they arrived to succour him. He was all but defeated when the arms of Savoy were quartered with those of the red-shirted brigand, and the world beheld the scandalous and unprecedented union of legitimate right and revolution.

That this outrage might wear some complexion of justice, the *plébescite* was resorted to; and “an infinite number of scoundrels—the dregs of the population, and the refuse of the galleys, armed to the teeth,” surrounded the urns in which the votes were deposited. Freedom of election under this arrangement was a farce. The electors are supposed generally to have been the people; but we are assured, on a better authority than rumour, that they consisted of the coryphæi of the revolution—the scoundrels who followed Garibaldi, the rabble that clung to the heels of the Piedmontese, and a crowd of ignorant peasantry, who were unconscious of their privilege, or compelled to abuse it. There were given 1,313,376 votes for Piedmont, and 10,312 for the Bourbons; but this latter figure is a fiction. Not a dissentient vote was lodged in that urn which was set up in mockery to receive the suffrages of the king's friends. The same system was pursued in other places, liberty of opinion being guaranteed by hired bravos,

who watched the voters, dagger in hand, and terrified them into contempt of conscience. As if to prove the utter character of the imposture, only 25,000 electors took part in the election of the members for the Turin parliament. No honest Neapolitan had a share in that shameful transaction. It was left exclusively to the camp-followers of the Piedmontese, and the frowsiest scum of the population.

Francis II. abandoned the Volturno, not, however, until he had proved to his enemies that the 50,000 men who rallied to the white banner of his dynasty, were still capable of striking for their country. He fell back on the Garigliano, because the French admiral had promised to resist any attack on his flank from the sea; he quitted it because that promise was violated. The final breaking up of the army, part of which entered the States of the Church, and surrendered its arms to the authorities, hastened the conclusion of the war. The king, with his heroic queen,—a woman who displayed proofs of constancy, even of valour, that shall render her name honoured whilst the world respects those whose convictions of right survive their misfortunes, shut himself up in Gaeta. For three weeks the shells of the enemy were showered on the devoted fortress; but the white banner was nailed to the staff, and the garrison did not dream of surrendering. Disaster followed disaster. The magazines blew up, the walls were breached in two places, and typhus fever was raging amongst the besieged. The French fleet withdrew their partial protection, but the brave men who rallied round the king, still scorned to accept defeat. This, however, was inevitable. Gaeta fell, and the king went to Rome.

Even whilst the siege was being prosecuted a reaction had seized the public mind, and the invaders were forced to recognise the determined elements with which they had to deal. The first popular movement in favour of the king took place at Naples, but was suppressed by Turr, by whose orders forty-three persons were put to the sword. At Aartimo, on the recurrence of a like demonstration, the Garibaldians shot eleven persons. In addition to these exploits, there were the wholesale massacres at Isernia, Venafrò, St. Germano, and Pediemonte, which rose against the Sardinians, and had to be put down with a special force, despatched thither from the Abruzzi. The population of that district fought against the regular troops to the cry of "The King!" The Piedmontese could not take Banco, which was defended by a handful of royalists, who, before they marched out, dictated their own terms of surrender. Civitella del Tronto was still garrisoned by the royal troops, and defied the utmost efforts of the enemy to reduce it. The king, however, rather than protract the contest, and waste the blood of so many faithful friends, commanded its surrender. The citadel of Messina opened its gates in obedience to the same voice; and, scarcely had the Sardinian flag surmounted the ramparts, when the royalists of the Abruzzi were disbanded, and the reaction was suspended for the time.